



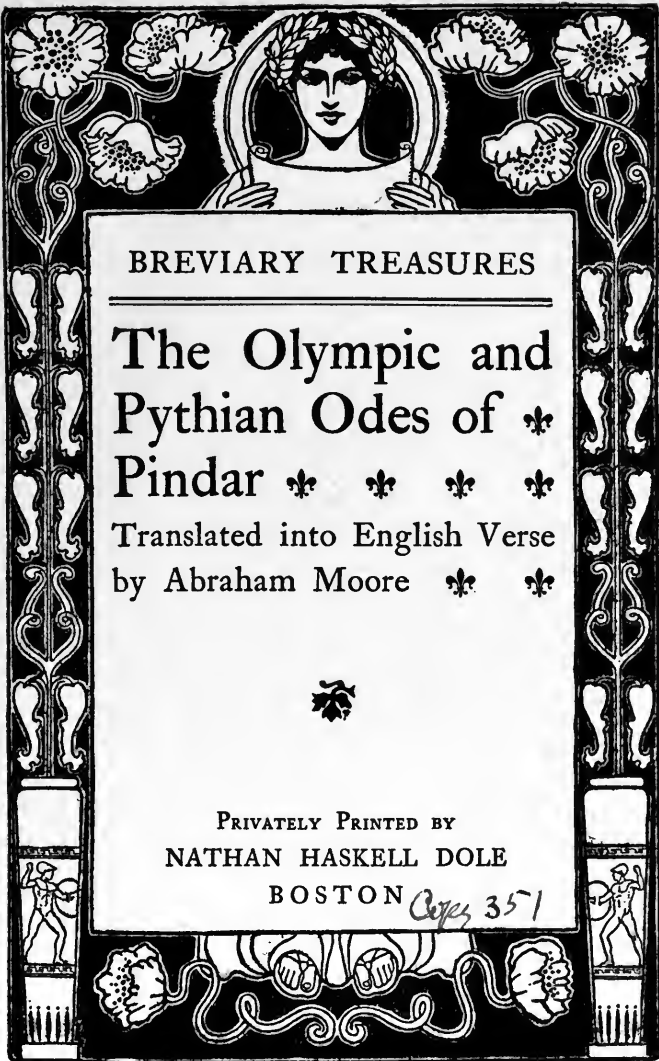
**LIBRARY**  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA  
SAN DIEGO

~~13~~  
5

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







BREVIARY TREASURES

The Olympic and  
Pythian Odes of ♣  
Pindar ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Translated into English Verse  
by Abraham Moore ♣ ♣



PRIVATELY PRINTED BY  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE  
BOSTON

*Copies 351*

*Copyright, 1903*

**BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE**



## INTRODUCTION

PINDAR, the most illustrious of the lyric poets of Greece, was born at Kynoskephale, near Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520 B. C. The pretty legend of the prophetic bees settling on his infant lips and leaving their honey there, hints at his early inclination for music and poetry. His mother, Myrto or Myrtis, herself a lyric poet, first taught him to combine simplicity and elegance in his verse. Later the beautiful Corinna became his instructor. He was taught to play the lyre by Lasos of Hermione, famous as a musician and dithyrambic poet. When very young he went to the court of Alexander, son of Amyntas, King of Macedon, and there overcame

Myrtis in a musical contest, but was five times defeated by Corinna.

That was a golden day for poets. Not only the people but also the kings and tyrants appreciated their art, and Pindar soon won a reputation that spread over the whole civilized world.

King Hiero of Syracuse was his munificent patron when he celebrated Athens as the chief support of Greece, and Thebes out of resentment heavily fined him. The Athenians presented him with a sum double the amount of the fine and erected a brazen statue in his honour, representing him with a diadem and a lyre and a scroll folded on his knees.

The date of his death is not certainly known. He was either fifty-six or eighty-six when he passed away, sitting in a public assembly.

Quintilian said of him: "Of the nine Greek lyric poets, Pindar is the chief, in spirit, in magnificence, in moral sentiments, and in metaphor; most happy both in the abundance of his matter and of his diction; and, as it were, with a

certain torrent of eloquence, so that Horace believes no man can imitate him." This expressed the common opinion of antiquity. He was almost worshipped in his own day. His odes and hymns were chanted in the temples on solemn occasions, and the priestess at Delphi declared it was the will of Apollo that the poet should receive half of the first fruits annually offered at his shrine. When the Lacedæmonians took Thebes they spared Pindar's house and family, and the same consideration was shown by Alexander the Great.

Most of Pindar's works have perished, and unfortunately the remains do not represent him at his best. He wrote hymns and pæans in honour of the gods; songs with dance accompaniment in praise of Apollo; dithyrambic verses to Bacchus; odes for processions, songs for maidens, drinking songs, dirges, and panegyrics on princes, and the odes on the Olympic, Nemean, Isthmian, and Pythian games. Forty-five of these odes are extant, and with a few fragments enable us to judge of Pindar's genius.

It has been said of these odes : " No subjects, at first sight, could seem more unfitted for sublime poetry than those of the Pindaric remains ; but the poet has, with characteristic impetuosity, overcome this difficulty by the practice of abandoning the professed objects of his panegyric, and bursting into celebrations of the heroes of former days, the mighty exploits of demigods, and the gorgeous fables of oldest time. In the transition he uses little art, but seems to rely, as he safely might, on the change being, in itself, most welcome. He is chiefly remarkable for the gigantic boldness of his conceptions, and the daring sublimity of his metaphors, which stamp him the *Æschylus* of lyric poetry. The flights of his imagination are not, however, like those of the great tragedian, mingled with the intensity of human passion, which, while they carry us beyond ourselves, still come home to the heart.

" He has the light without the heat ; his splendours dazzle, but do not warm us. There is little of human feeling in his works ; they are little more than ex-

hibitions which excite our surprise, but not our sympathy. His compositions have something hard and stony about them — the sublimity and nakedness of the rock. The sunshine glitters on the top, but no foliage adorns the declivity. All the interest, such as it is, arises from the earnestness of the poet himself, and the intense ardour with which he is impelled in his lofty career.

“Hence we think more of him than of his work; while in Homer and the Greek tragedians the author is forgotten. His conception is so ardent that he cannot wait to develop his metaphors; he often but half unfolds them, and suffers them to blend with the literal descriptions, and form part of the subject; and hence, it appears to us, the obscurities so frequently complained of in Pindar have, in a great degree, arisen.

“In the mechanical composition of his odes, however, Pindar is by no means so irregular as some have been disposed to imagine. He commonly preserves the arrangement of strophe, antistrophe, and epode; and though the

construction of these varies in different odes, all the strophes and antistrophes in the same ode are framed on the same principles, and all the epodes are composed in similar measures to each other."

Müller in his "Literature of Ancient Greece" asserts that the very fact that these triumphal odes were more frequently transcribed than the other poems and were thus saved for posterity proves that there must have been some decided superiority in them, and he is consoled for the loss of the other kinds by the vast variety of their subject and style and their refined and elaborate structure.

These odes commemorate victories won at the four great Greek games, either by speed of horses, strength and dexterity in running, wrestling or boxing, or skill in music. Such a victory shed lustre not only on the victor and his family but also on his native city, and demanded a celebration. "This celebration," says Müller, "might be performed by the victor's friends on the spot where the victory was gained; as, for example, at Olympia, when in the

evening after the termination of the contests, by the light of the moon, the whole sanctuary resounded with joyful songs after the manner of the encomia. Or it might be deferred until after the victor's solemn return to his native city, where it was sometimes repeated, in following years, in commemoration of his success. A celebration of this kind always had a religious character, it often began with a procession to an altar or temple, in the place of the games or in the native city; a sacrifice, followed by a banquet, was then offered at the temple, or in the house of the victor; and the whole solemnity concluded with the merry and boisterous revel called by the Greeks *κῶμος*. At this sacred and, at the same time, joyous solemnity (a mingled character frequent among the Greeks), appeared the chorus, trained by the poet, or some other skilled person, for the purpose of reciting the triumphal hymn, which was considered the fairest ornament of the festival. It was during either the procession or the banquet that the hymn was recited; as it was

not properly a religious hymn which could be combined with the sacrifice."

The translation here presented is by Mr. Abraham Moore, whose two privately printed volumes at one time belonged to the critic Hazlitt and, enriched with his notes, formed a part of the rare library of the late Thomas Wales of Boston, and were for a time in my possession. It is justly regarded as one of the ablest versions ever made from a classic author, and the pathetic story of the translator's life with its tragic ending gives it a peculiar interest and value.

N. H. D.



OLYMPIC ODES





## ODE I.

TO HIERO THE SYRACUSIAN

*Victor in the Horse-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

WATER the first of elements we hold ;  
And, as the flaming fire at night  
Glow with its own conspicuous light,  
Above proud treasure shines transcendant  
gold :

But if, my soul, 't is thy desire  
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,  
Look not within the range of day  
A star more genial to descry  
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray  
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;  
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain  
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain :  
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly  
wove,  
The illustrious hymn, at glory's call,  
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,  
To hail his prosperous throne and sing  
Saturnian Jove.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,  
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed  
Unnumbered flocks, and for his meed  
Culls the sweet flowers that all the vir-  
tues yield.  
Nor less renowned his hand essays  
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,  
Such as the social feast around  
Full oft our tuneful band inspire —  
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?

Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,  
If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,  
If Phoenician's victory  
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares  
of song ;  
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed  
By Alpheus urged his furious speed,  
And bore the distant prize from all the  
panting throng.

### EPODE I.

Proud of his stud, the Syracusan king  
Partook the courser's triumph. Through  
the plain  
By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring —  
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery  
reign  
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at  
his might),  
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate  
replaced,  
And from the caldron bright  
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.  
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's  
spite,  
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm

From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm  
That more than Nature's self her painted  
dreams delight.

## STROPHE II.

For Taste, whose softening hand hath  
power to give  
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,  
And trifles to distinction brings,  
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale  
receive  
In Truth's disguise as Truth. The  
day  
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away  
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.  
Beseems us then (for less the blame)  
Of those that heed us from the spheres  
Becoming marvels to proclaim.  
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate  
Not as the fablers I relate.  
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Siplyian  
guest,  
When they in turn beneath his bower  
Purest repast partook, the Power  
That wields the Trident seized, and  
ravished from the feast.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he  
drove

His trembling prize of mortal mould  
In radiant car with steeds of gold  
To the highest mansion of all-honoured  
Jove ;

With whom the Boy, from wondering  
Ide

Rapt long before, like place supplied.

Her Pelops lost, her vanished son

Soon roused the frantic mother's care ;

No tidings came ; the search begun

In mystery ended in despair.

Forthwith some envious foe was found

Whispering the unseemly slander round,

“ How all into the bubbling caldron cast

Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and  
shred

In fragments on the table spread,

While circling Gods looked on and

shared the abhorred repast.”

## EPODE II.

Far be from me and mine the thought  
    profane,  
That in foul feast celestials could de-  
    light!  
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its  
    bane  
E'en in the wrong it works — If mortal  
    wight  
Heaven e'er hath honoured, 't was this  
    Tantalus;  
But soon from ill-digested greatness  
    sprung  
Presumption and abuse:  
Thence from his towering fortunes  
    flung  
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponder-  
    ous rock  
High o'er his head hung threatening  
    (angry Jove  
So judged him for his crimes above):  
Where day and night he waits, dreading  
    the expected shock.



### STROPHE III.

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load  
to bear,

Torment unceasing! Three beside,  
Delinquents there, like pains abide.

He from the Immortals their ambrosial  
fare,

The nectarous flood that crowned their  
bowl,

To feast his earth-born comrades,  
stole;

Food, that, by their celestial grace,  
Eternal youth to him had given.

Vain hope, that guilt by time or place  
Can 'scape the searching glance of  
heaven!

For this the blameless Son once more  
Back to man's short-lived race they  
bore;

There, when fresh youth its blooming  
flower had blown,

And round his chin the umbrageous  
beard

Mature its manlier growth had reared,  
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his  
nuptial couch to crown,

### ANTISTROPHE III.

The famed Hippodamè; whose charms  
to gain,  
The fond and furious father's pride,  
At night's dark hour alone he hied  
To the rough shore of the loud-bellow-  
ing main,  
And called the Trident-sceptred God,  
Whose form forthwith beside him  
stood:  
"Oh! if the endearing gifts," said he,  
"The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,  
Have still, great Neptune, grace with  
thee,  
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows.  
Arrest Ænomaüs' brazen spear,  
To Elis guide my prompt career,  
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's  
wheel  
Victorious to the goal; for he,  
Slayer of suitors ten and three,  
Still from his daughter's hope withholds  
the bridal seal.

### EPODE III.

“ Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,  
Trusts not the dastard’s arm : then why  
    should man,  
By life’s hard lot predestined to the grave,  
Waste in the dark the unprofitable span,  
And crouch in Age’s corner unrenowned,  
Heaven’s noblest gifts untasted ? Power  
    divine !  
Grant thou the event be crowned,  
This peril shall at least be mine.”  
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded,  
    speeds  
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer  
    embraced,  
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,  
And roused the unwearied plumes that  
    winged the immortal steeds.

### STROPHE IV.

Œnomaüs’ power the exulting youth  
    o’erthrows :  
The virgin spouse his arms entwine ;  
From whose soft intercourse, a line  
By all the virtues nurst, six warriors rose.

Now in rich pomp and solemn state  
His dust heroic honours wait.  
Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,  
His tomb its ample range displays,  
And gifts by many a stranger laid  
High on his crowded altar blaze ;  
But most from proud Olympia's drome,  
On distant realms, on times to come,  
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed de-  
mands his crown,  
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle  
strains,  
And conquerors pass life's proud remains  
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber  
of renown.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Such is the Champion's meed : the con-  
stant good,  
That lives beyond the transient hour,  
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,  
Most fires his hope, most wakes his  
gratitude :  
But now 't is mine, the strain to raise,  
And swell the Equestrian Hero's praise,  
To crown with loud Æolian song

A Prince, whose peer the spacious earth  
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,  
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,  
A host more gifted, to display,  
Through all the mazes of the lay.  
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sus-  
tains,  
And makes thee his peculiar care ;  
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,  
A loftier flight I 'll soar, and warble  
sweeter strains.

#### EPODE IV.

Then high on Cronium's peak my post  
shall be ;  
There, as a poet's glance informs my  
soul,  
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,  
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the  
goal.  
Then shall the Muse her strongest jave-  
lin fling ;  
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the  
top  
Shines the consummate king —  
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.

Be thine in that bright station long to  
bear  
Thy upright course; mine, with the  
conquering band,  
To take my honourable stand,  
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm  
of genius wear.





## ODE II.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

HYMNS, that rule the living lyre,  
What god, what hero shall we sing?  
What mortal's praise the strain in-  
spire? —

Jove is Pisa's guardian king:  
Hercules the Olympiad planned,  
Trophy of his conquering hand:

But Theron, whose bright axle won,  
With four swift steeds, the chariot  
crown,  
Noblest of hosts, our song shall grace,  
The prop of Agrigentum's fame,  
Flower of an old illustrious race,  
Whose upright rule his prospering states  
proclaim.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Prest with ills, yon sacred pile,  
Yon stream his fathers held, and shone  
The eyes of all Sicilia's isle.  
Inborn virtue was their own :  
Public favour, wealth and power  
Reached them in their destined hour.  
But thou, that rulest the Olympian  
dome,  
Saturnian son of Rhea's womb,  
God of the noblest games divine,  
And Alpheus' stream that wanders  
near,  
Soothed with our song, to all his line  
Vouchsafe their Sire's dominion long  
to bear.



## EPODE I.

Virtue's achievement, Folly's crime,  
Whate'er of guilt or good the past has  
known,  
Not e'en the Sire of all things, mighty  
Time,  
Hath power to change, or make the  
deed undone.  
But, when the prosperous hour returns,  
O'er woes long wept Oblivion softly lays  
Her shadowy veil; and from the heart  
that mourns,  
By goodlier joys subdued, the inveterate  
bane decays.

## STROPHE II.

Thus rewarding Heaven and Fate  
Exalted bliss at length bestow ;  
As Cadmus' daughters, throned in state,  
Teach the moral strain to show.  
Great their ills ; but heaviest woe  
Mightier good can soon o'erthrow :  
For Semelè, once to vengeance given,  
Now waves her flowing locks in  
Heaven ;

She, by the rattling thunder slain,  
To Pallas dear, carest by Jove,  
Among the Olympians lives again,  
And meets her Ivi'd Boy's requited love.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Bosomed in the briny deep,  
'Mong Nereids green, as story tells,  
While Time his circling course shall  
keep,  
Aye immortal Ino dwells.  
'T is not given for man to know  
When pale Death shall strike the blow,  
Nor e'en if one serener Day,  
The Sun's brief child, shall pass away  
Unclouded as it rose. The waves  
Of life with ceaseless changes flow,  
And, as the tempest sleeps or raves,  
Bring triumph or disaster, weal or woe.

### EPODE II.

The Genius, thus, whose power upholds  
The prosperous destiny of Theron's race,  
And sends them wealth from heaven, a  
scene unfolds,

In times long past, of vengeance and  
disgrace —  
Vengeance from that ill-omened hour  
When son and sire in foul encounter  
met ;  
And all, that Pythian threat denounced  
of yore,  
In Laius' murder mixt, consistent and  
complete.

### STROPHE III.

Quick the sharp-eyed Fury flew,  
And, as the strife she stirred, apace  
Kindred their warlike kindred slew ;  
Social bloodshed thinned the race.  
Polynices bit the ground ;  
Sole Thersander lived, renowned  
In youthful game or martial fray,  
Of brave Adrastus' house the stay.  
Sprung from that old heroic sire,  
Ænesidamus bids us raise  
The applauding lay, and sweep the  
lyre  
Through all its thrilling chords in  
Theron's praise.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

'Midst Olympia's shouting bands  
With the proud prize himself was  
crowned ;  
While rival wreaths from Isthmian  
hands  
Waved his brother's temples round ;  
Fortune's favourite ! o'er his brow  
Blended hung the Pythian bough.  
With fourfold team in rapid race  
Twelve times he scoured the circling  
space :  
Before Success the Sorrows fly.  
And Wealth more bright with Virtue  
joined,  
Brings golden Opportunity,  
The sparkling star, the sun-beam of  
mankind ;

### EPODE III.

Brings to the rich man's restless heart  
Ambition's splendid cares. No less he  
knows  
The day fast comes when all men must  
depart,

And pay for present pride in future  
woes.

The deeds that frantic mortals do  
In this disordered nook of Jove's  
domain,

All meet their meed; and there's a  
Judge below

Whose hateful doom inflicts the inevi-  
table pain.

#### STROPHE IV.

O'er the Good soft suns the while  
Through the mild day, the night serene,  
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,  
Tempering all the tranquil scene.

Theirs is leisure; vex not they  
Stubborn soil or watery way,  
To wring from toil want's worthless  
bread:

No ills they know, no tears they shed,  
But with the glorious Gods below  
Ages of peace contented share.

Meanwhile the Bad with bitterest woe  
Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures  
wear.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

All, whose stedfast virtue thrice  
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood  
Still unsexed, unstained with vice,  
They by Jove's mysterious road  
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,  
Happy isle that holds the blest ;  
Where sea-born breezes gently blow  
O'er blooms of gold that round them  
    glow,  
Which Nature boon from stream or  
    strand  
Or goodly tree profusely pours ;  
Whence pluck they many a fragrant  
    band,  
And braid their locks with never-fading  
    flowers.

#### EPODE IV.

Such Rhadamanthus' mandate wise :  
He on the judgment-bench, associate  
    meet,  
By ancient Saturn sits, prompt to advise,  
The spouse of Rhea, whose high throne  
    is set

Above all powers in Earth or Heaven.  
Peleus and Cadmus there high honours  
crown ;  
The like to great Achilles largely  
given  
With prayers from yielding Jove persua-  
sive Thetis won.

#### STROPHE V.

Hector he, the pillar of Troy  
By mightiest arms unmoved, o'erthrew,  
And bright Aurora's Æthiop boy :  
He the godlike Cycnus slew —  
On my quivered arm I bear  
Many an arrow swift and rare ;  
Dealt to the wise delight they bring,  
To vulgar ears unmeaning ring.  
Genius his stores from nature draws ;  
In words not wit the learned shine ;  
Clamorous in vain, like croaking daws,  
They rail against the bird of Jove divine.

#### ANTISTROPHE V.

Heed not thou their envious tongue,  
Straight to the mark advance thy bow ;

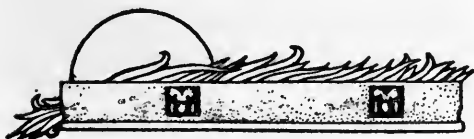
Whither, brave spirit, shall thy song  
Throw the shaft of glory now ?  
Lo it flies, by Justice sent,  
Full at famous Agrigent ;  
While truth inspires me thus to  
swear,  
That Time shall waste his hundredth  
year  
Ere race or realm a King shall raise,  
Whose liberal heart, whose loaded  
hand  
Shall paragon with Theron's praise,  
Or strew, like his, its blessings through  
the land.

#### EPODE V.

Yet e'en his virtues to assail  
Hath headstrong Envy spurred injus-  
tice forth.  
Plotting with hostile arm, and slanderous  
tale,  
To hide in mischief's shade the lamp  
of worth.  
But, if the numberer toils in vain  
To count the sands that heap the wave-  
worn beach ;



The joys, the graces of his bounteous  
reign  
What memory can record? What soaring  
song can reach?





## ODE III.

TO THE SAME THERON

---

### STROPHE I.

To please the bright-haired Helen, and  
the Twins  
Of Tyndarus, gods of hospitable love,  
With Agrigent's renown my boast be-  
gins ;

While wreaths for Theron from the  
Olympian grove,  
Borne by the unwearied steeds away,  
I twine. For this beside me stood  
The inspiring Muse, and to the  
Dorian mood  
Tuned for her glorious choir my new-  
embellisht lay.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Those high-tost heads, with glittering  
chaplets bound,  
Challenge my spirit to this task divine,  
The shrill-toned pipe, the varying lyre to  
sound  
In full concordance to the swelling  
line,  
Which thus, Ænesidamus, throws  
On thy brave son its mingled praise —  
Applauding Pisa too demands my  
lays,  
Whence many a heaven-taught hymn  
for conquering champions flows :

## EPODE I.

Champions, whose brows the Ætolian  
    seer,  
That gives the Herculean mandates old,  
The Game's unerring arbiter,  
Bids Victory's graceful prize enfold:  
He round their locks the silvery olive  
    flings;  
Whose leaves of yore Amphitryon's son,  
To frame Olympia's matchless crown,  
From freezing regions brought, and  
    Ister's shadowy springs.

## STROPHE II.

He the Hyperborean tribes and chief-  
    tains wild,  
That bend the knee before Apollo's  
    shrine,  
Peaceful besought; and with persuasion  
    mild,  
To form his Sire's capacious grove  
    divine,  
The conqueror's wreath, the stranger's  
    shade,  
Won the fair plant: for on the plain

Jove's altar smoked, and from her golden  
wain  
The Moon with rounded orb, Eve's  
radiant eye displayed.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Then too, the pure Tribunal to preside  
At his Great Games, the proud Quin-  
quennial Feast  
'Stablisht had he by Alpheus' sacred  
tide;  
Yet not, as now, then waved the Cro-  
nian waste  
With woods umbrageous; but on high,  
When Pelops held his ruder reign,  
The dazzling sun-beam smote the un-  
sheltered plain;  
'T was then the tracts he sought, that  
skirt the Arctoic sky.

## EPODE II.

Him there Latona's huntress-child  
From fair Arcadia's vales received,  
Deep winding vales and mountains  
wild;

What time by stern Eurystheus grieved  
Necessity, that bound his Sire in  
    heaven,  
Tasked him in that bleak waste to  
    find  
The golden-horned and sacred hind,  
To chaste Orthosia's shrine by fair  
    Atlantis given.

### STROPHE III.

Bent on the search, beyond where  
    Boreas brewed  
His wintry blast, wondrous the realm  
    he found,  
Their groves with fond desire admir-  
    ing viewed,  
And thence, his Hippodrome's twelve-  
    circled round  
To shade, the adopted plant removed.  
Still with the godlike Twins, of yore  
Whom Leda's ample zone prolific  
    bore,  
Oft to that feast he comes, and cheers  
    the toils he loved.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Them, when the Hero mounted to the  
spheres,  
To guard his Games, where might for  
mastery strives  
With might, and skill the raging chariot  
steers,  
He charged: to them my soul for  
Theron gives  
The glory of the dazzling prize:  
Them, lords and lovers of the race,  
The Emmenian Tribe salutes, their  
favouring grace  
With costliest banquets won, and fre-  
quent sacrifice.

### EPODE III.

Such their rewards, whose customs  
most,  
Whose hearts the Gods in reverence  
hold.  
As water still is Nature's boast,  
And all Earth's treasures yield to  
gold,  
Theron hath reached the limitary main,

And touched with virtues all his own,  
The Herculean pillars of renown,  
Wit's, Folly's farthest bound, where song  
pursues in vain.







## ODE IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE

O THOU, that drivest in clouds above  
The impetuous thunder, mighty Jove!  
Me with my lyre and varying strain  
Thy circling Hours have sent again  
Their tuneful witness, to proclaim

The glories of thy matchless Game.  
At Virtue's weal the just rejoice, and bless  
The tidings of a friend's success.  
But thou, Saturnian King, that dost display  
Through Ætna's range thy partial sway ;  
Beneath whose huge tempestuous cone  
The hundred heads of Typhon groan,  
O hear the advancing choir prolong,  
Moved by the Graces, their triumphal  
song :

#### ANTISTROPHE

'T is Virtue's lamp, whose living rays,  
Wide as her rule, for ever blaze ;  
Lo where it beams in Psauimis' car  
That bears the Olympian braid from  
far,  
In haste the blooming glory now  
To bind on Camarina's brow.  
Heaven speed his future vows, as now  
my lays  
With note sincere his virtues praise.  
His boast to rear, to rule the panting  
steed :  
All guests his plenteous banquets feed :

While with pure heart he woos the  
hand  
Of genial Peace to bless the land.  
Ne'er shall untruth these lips profane;  
Trial's the only test, that proves the  
man.

### EPODE

This from the Lemnian dames' abuse  
Redeemed the son of Clymenus:  
At his gray locks their taunts they  
played;  
But when in brazen arms arrayed  
The incumbered race with ease he won,  
And calmly claimed the unquestioned  
crown,  
To much abashed Hypsipylè, "Even me  
First of the swift, behold," said he,  
"Nor less in strength and prowess: age's  
snow  
On youth's fair front will sometimes  
grow;  
But he, that does the deeds of manhood's  
prime,  
May without blame look old before his  
time."



## ODE V.

TO THE SAME PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn by  
Mules*

---

### STROPHE I.

THE flower of all the Olympian boughs,  
That bind exalted Virtue's brows,  
Take, Camarina, with delight ;  
Take, shining Daughter of the Sea,

What the swift mules, the chariot bright,  
The conquering Psaumis brings to thee.  
Destined thy peopled state to raise  
He, at the Gods' high Festival,  
On six joint hearths his offering lays,  
While incense fumes and victims fall.  
There five bright days, renown to  
    gain,  
Skill, Bravery, Strength, the strife  
    maintain :  
There yoked or mounted, mule and  
    steed  
Through all the swift career  
Contest the panting prize of speed.  
Thee Acron's son proclaiming there,  
Hath proudly given to everlasting fame  
His country's rising towers, his Sire's  
    ennobled name.

## STROPHE II.

Returned from that delightful plain  
Œnomaüs' once and Pelops' reign,  
Minerva's shrine, whose fostering  
    power  
Guards his young state, he hallows  
    now,

Oänus' stream and many a bower  
That shades the glittering lake below ;  
Hallows the banks and solemn cliffs,  
Where Hipparis' wholesome waters  
rove,  
Laving his peopled realm. He lifts  
The pillared pile, the marble grove,  
Whereon his princely chambers rise  
In swelling domes, that crown the  
skies.  
Thus his rude tribes, untrained,  
unformed  
He rears to life and light :  
For Toil and Wealth by Virtue  
warmed  
Ever with Difficulty fight ;  
While Enterprise no threatening danger  
scares,  
And all-adored Success the palm of  
Wisdom wears.

### STROPHE III.

O Thou, that dwellest in clouds above  
The Cronian Mount, Preserver Jove,  
Whose favour still pursues the wave  
That wandering Alpheus pours along,

Still beams on Ida's awful cave,  
To thee thy suppliant rears his song ;  
In Lydian strain implores thy grace  
Long on this rising realm to wait,  
And send a sound adventurous race  
To guard and signalize their state.  
Thee, too, by victory taught to breed  
And cherish the Neptunian steed,  
Thee, Psaumis, grant the indulgent  
Power  
A calm old age to bear,  
And meet unmoved the parting hour,  
With all thy children standing near.  
If Wealth and Worth and Happiness and  
Fame  
Be thine, among the Gods seek not to  
inscribe thy name.





## ODE VI.

TO AGESIAS THE SYRACUSIAN

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn  
by Mules*

---

### STROPHE I.

PILLARS of gold our portal to sustain,  
As for some proud and princely Place,  
We'll rear: the founder of the strain  
With far-refulgent front his opening  
work should grace.  
And if there be, who boasts the  
Olympian braid,



Whose priestly lips prophetic truths  
diffuse  
At Jove's Pisæan altar ; one, whose aid  
Hath helpt to raise illustrious Syracuse ;  
Where are the high-wrought hymns, the  
glowing lays  
His country's lavish love shall swell not  
with his praise ?

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Know, son of Sostratus, that Heaven  
hath made  
This sandal for thy foot divine.  
Virtue, by peril unassayed,  
On land or tranquil wave in honour  
ne'er can shine.  
The adventurous deed a thousand hearts  
record.  
To thee the praise, Agesias, all shall  
yield,  
On Æcleus' son Amphiarāus poured  
By just Adrastus in the fatal field,  
When in Earth's yawning gulf the as-  
tounded seer  
Sunk with his snorting steeds, chariot  
and charioteer.

## EPODE I.

'T was there, when round the heroic  
dead  
Seven Theban pyres were seen to  
burn,  
Sorrowing the son of Talaūs said,  
“ The eye of all my host I mourn :  
His searching soul the future knew ;  
His spear controlled the raging fray ” —  
Such is the Syracusian too,  
The master of my lay.  
Nor brawl, nor paradox I love ;  
I hate with cavillers to contend ;  
But this my surest oath I've pledged to  
prove  
And the mellifluous Muse her lasting aid  
shall lend.

## STROPHE II.

Bring forth thy mules, O Phintis, and  
behind  
In haste the glittering harness join,  
With me thy chariot mount and find  
Along yon spacious road the cradle of  
his line.

Full well, I ween, the illustrious track  
they know,  
Learnt from the plaudits of the Olympian  
throng  
That crowned their necks with glory.  
Open throw  
To their careering speed the gates of  
song.  
To-day we press for Pitana, and lave  
Ere night our burning team in cool  
Eurotas' wave.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Fair Pitana, by Neptune's amorous  
prayer  
Pressed, as they tell, her charms to yield,  
The violet-tressed Evadnè bare.  
She in her anxious breast the virgin pang  
concealed  
Till, past the painful hour, a trusty train  
Charged with the pledge of her ce-  
lestial love  
To Æpytus she sent, who ruled the  
plain,  
Where Alpheus' waves by famed  
Phæsana rove.

There nurtured, with Apollo tasted  
she  
The tempting fruit that grows on Love's  
forbidden tree.

## EPODE II.

Escaped not long the guardian King  
Her altering form, the stolen em-  
brace:  
Rage and regret his bosom wring;  
Where, burying still the unknown dis-  
grace,  
Forthwith the Delphian Fane he  
sought.  
Meanwhile to shadiest covert lone  
Her silver urn the damsel brought;  
There loosed her purple zone,  
And bore the godlike babe unseen  
Filled with the spirit of his Sire;  
Who with his golden locks and grace-  
ful mien  
The assistant Fates had won, and  
soothed Eleutho's ire.

### STROPHE III.

Forth from her arms with short and  
grateful throe

Came Iāmus to light : her child  
On the Earth she left o'erwhelmed  
with woe :

Him there two Serpent forms with eyes  
of azure mild,

Mysterious ministers of love divine,  
Fed with the baneless beverage of the  
bee :

When now from rocky Pytho's warn-  
ing shrine

In haste the King returned, and ear-  
nestly

From all his questioned household 'gan  
require

Evadne's new-born son, — " For Phœ-  
bus is his sire,

### ANTISTROPHE III.

" Destined before all mortals to prevail  
The peerless prophet of mankind ;  
Whose race, whose name shall never  
fail."

Thus represented he : they with one  
voice combined  
All vowed their ignorance : nor sight  
had seen,  
Nor infant sound had heard : for he  
five days  
'Mong shrubs and pathless briars and  
rushes green  
Had lain, the dewy violet's mingled rays  
Sprinkling with purple and gold his ten-  
der frame :  
Whence fond Evadnè's joy proclaimed  
his deathless name.

### EPODE III.

Now when fresh youth its golden  
flower  
Full o'er his blooming cheeks had  
strewed,  
Alone at night's tempestuous hour  
In Alpheus' midmost stream he stood.  
He called his grandsire Neptune's name,  
Wide Ruler of the boisterous deep ;  
Called on that Archer God whose flame  
Beams on the Delian steep ;  
For patriot fame he poured his prayer

Beneath the vault of heaven : " My  
son,"  
Replied his Sire's unerring speech,  
" repair  
To yon frequented tract, my Word shall  
lead thee on."

#### STROPHE IV.

Forthwith they stood on Cronium's  
topmost stone,  
High as the sun's meridian road ;  
There paused the God, and on his  
son  
The rich and twofold boon of prophecy  
bestowed :  
Gave him to hear the voice that can-  
not lie ;  
Bade him, when Hercules in after-days,  
Flower of the great Alcæan progeny,  
His Sire's frequented Festival should  
raise  
And proud Olympian Game, by gift  
divine  
On Jove's high altar plant his oracle and  
shrine.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Thence through all Greece the seed of  
Iämus  
Bright Honour followed; in its train  
Came potent Wealth; the virtuous  
thus  
To Fame's conspicuous path by action  
proved attain.  
Yet envious hearts there are no worth  
can warm;  
Which e'en the chariot-crown with  
rancour fills  
'Gainst modest Merit; o'er whose  
brightening form  
Victory her own ingenuous grace dis-  
tills.  
If yet, Agesias, thy maternal race,  
Whose affluent dwellings rose by old  
Cyllenè's base,

#### EPODE IV.

Have knelt at Mercury's sacred shrine  
The swift-winged herald of the skies,  
With soothing prayers and gifts divine;  
(He guards the games, allots the prize,



And loves Arcadia's youth); 't was he,  
Aided by thundering Jove's regard,  
Gave, son of Sostratus, to thee  
Thy conquest and reward —  
A prompting power, methinks, I feel  
A sharpening whetstone on my tongue;  
That stirs my flowing numbers to  
    reveal  
Our old Arcadian root, and leads the  
    willing song.

#### STROPHE V.

'T was fair Metopè's love, Stymphalian  
    spouse,  
To Thebes equestrian Thebè gave;  
In whose sweet fount, for warriors'  
    brows  
Weaving the various hymn, my tuneful  
    lips I lave.  
Rise, Ænēas, and enjoin thy swelling  
    choirs  
To sing Parthenian Juno, then declare,  
If the stale stigma that belied our  
    Sires,  
(Bœotian boars, forsooth!) we still shall  
    bear.

Thou art Truth's harbinger, the Muse's  
tongue,  
Her mystic staff, the cup that pours her  
potent song.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

Bid them remember Syracuse, and  
sing  
Of proud Ortygia's throne, secure  
In Hiero's rule, her upright king.  
With frequent prayer he serves and  
worship pure  
The rosy-sandalled Ceres, and her  
fair  
Daughter, whose car the milk-white  
steeds impel,  
And Jove, whose might the Ætnæan  
fires declare.  
The lay, the sweet-toned lyre his praises  
tell;  
Time, mar not his success! with wel-  
come sweet  
Agesias' choral pomp his liberal smile  
shall greet.

## EPODE V.

Lo from Arcadia's parent seat,  
Her old Stymphalian walls, they come,  
From fields with flocks o'erspread, to  
meet  
Sicilia's swains, from home to home.  
O'er the swift prow, when night-storms  
lour,  
Two anchors oft 't is well to cast —  
Heaven on them both its blessings pour,  
And bid their glories last.  
Lord of the main! direct aright,  
With toils unvext their prosperous  
way;  
Spouse of the golden-wanded Amphi-  
trite,  
With lovelier hues enrich the flowers  
that crown my lay.





## ODE VII.

TO DIAGORAS OF RHODES

*Victor in the Game of Boxing*

---

### STROPHE I.

As one, whose wealthy hands enfold  
The sparkling cup of massy gold  
Frothed with the vineyard's purple tide,  
His Banquet's grace, his Treasure's  
pride,  
Presents it to the youthful spouse  
Pledged in full draught from house to  
house ;

And thus affection's honours fondly paid,  
While on the soft connubial hour  
Encircling friends their blessings pour,  
Gives to his envied arms the coy con-  
senting maid.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Thus to the Youth, whose conquering  
brow  
The Olympian wears or Pythian bough,  
Lord of his hope, inspired I pay  
The tribute of my liquid lay,  
The nectar of the Muse's bowl,  
Prest from the clusters of the soul.  
Blest they, whose deeds applauding  
worlds admire!  
For them, as each her glance par-  
takes,  
The life-enlightening Grace awakes  
The various vocal flute, the sweet  
melodious lyre.

### EPODE I.

To-day the lyre and flute and song,  
Roused by Diagoras, I move,

Hymning fair Rhode from Venus  
sprung,  
The Sun's own Nymph and watery  
love :  
With her the giant boxer's praise to  
sound,  
The champion's noblest hire,  
By Alpheus' stream, Castalia's foun-  
tain crowned ;  
And Damagete his old and upright Sire,  
Pride of the beauteous Isle, whose Argive  
host  
By Asia's beakèd shore three Sovereign  
Cities boast.

## STROPHE II.

Fain would my lay their legends trace,  
Divine Alcides' powerful race  
From old Tlepolemus, and prove  
Their boasted Sire's descent from Jove,  
Amyntor's fair Astydamè  
The root of their maternal tree.  
But o'er men's hearts unnumbered errors  
hang ;  
Nor can dim Reason's glimmering  
show

The flowery path untrod by woe,  
Or find the day's delight, that brings no  
morrow's pang.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

For even the founder chief, that  
planned  
The fortunes of this prosperous land,  
With olive club by rage impelled,  
Alcmena's spurious brother felled :  
Midst Tiryns' walls by Midea's side  
In her own porch Licymnius died.  
Alas ! not Wisdom's self has power to  
quell  
The furious passions, when they meet  
To tear her from her judgment-seat !  
Distracted at the deed he sought the  
Delphian cell.

### EPODE II.

Apollo waved his golden locks,  
And warned him from his fragrant  
fane,  
Forthwith to steer from Lerna's rocks  
For the rich realm amidst the main,

Where erst with golden shower im-  
perial Jove  
Bedewed the wondering town ;  
What time his brazen axe stout  
Vulcan drove,  
And Pallas from the Thunderer's rifted  
crown  
With outcry loud and long impetuous  
broke ;  
Heaven shuddered, and old Earth with  
dread maternal shook.

### STROPHE III.

'T was then Hyperion's son divine,  
Lamp of the world, his Rhodian line  
In haste enjoined with duteous eye  
To watch the expected prodigy ;  
That first of mortal votaries they  
Their shining altar might display,  
Jove and the Virgin of the Thundering  
Spear  
The first with solemn rites to soothe.  
Precaution thus the paths of Truth  
To Virtue's footstep shows, and cheers  
her rough career.



### ANTISTROPHE III.

Yet oft before the wariest eyes  
Mists of forgetfulness arise,  
And unexpectedly betray  
The wandering purpose from its way.  
'T was thus, the seeds of fire forgot,  
Their high-built shrine the Rhodians  
sought,  
With unburnt offerings heaped; yet  
showers of gold  
Jove poured upon them from the  
cloud;  
And Pallas' self their hands endowed  
With more than mortal skill her rarest  
works to mould.

### EPODE III.

Spread far and wide their various  
praise :  
In all mysterious crafts they shone,  
Strewed over their walls, their public  
ways,  
The sculptured life, the breathing stone.  
'T was Genius strengthened by the  
toils of Art.

Yet once, as stories say,  
When Jove Earth's ample field to part  
'Mongst all the gods decreed, the Lord  
    of Day  
Above the waves saw not the Rhodian  
    steep,  
By fate still bound within the dungeon  
    of the deep.

#### STROPHE IV.

Absent on function high the lot  
Of the bright Sun his peers forgot ;  
And he the purest of the skies  
Shared not the rich terrestrial prize.  
Warned of the wrong, high Jove  
    again  
The partial lots proposed, in vain ;  
"For that mine eye discerns," the Sun  
    replied,  
"A region gathering from the ground,  
For man's delight all planted round  
With fruits and pastures fair beneath  
    the foaming tide."

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Forthwith commanded he to rise  
The golden-vested Lachesis,  
With lifted hand and fatal nod  
To give the sanction of a god,  
Joined with Saturnian Jove, and swear,  
When time that shoal to heaven should  
    rear,  
Its realm his boon should be. The  
    pledge divine  
On Truth's unfailing pinion flew ;  
Promise to Consummation grew ;  
Up sprung the beauteous isle and budded  
    from the brine.

#### EPODE IV.

His blooming lot the genial Sire,  
That frames the pointed beams of day,  
That rules the steeds whose breath is fire,  
Received. There oft with Rhode he  
    lay ;  
Till seven brave sons with match-  
    less wisdom fraught,  
Their fruitful raptures crowned.  
The first Iälusus begot,

And Lindus, and Cameirus : they, their  
bound  
Paternal into three partitions thrown,  
Each chose his several realm, and  
named it for his own.

### STROPHE V.

Tlepolemus, whose high command  
Once led the brave Tirynthian band,  
There, as a god, due honours knows,  
The rich rewards of all his woes,  
Victims on fuming altars slain,  
Umpires and Games to grace the plain.  
There twice the stout Diagoras was  
crowned ;  
Four times from Isthmian lists he bore  
The mantling wreath, and many more  
From Nemea's crowded grove and rough  
Athenæ's mound.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

Him Argos with her brazen shield  
Endowed ; him fair Arcadia's field ;  
Him Thebes, and all the heroic games  
Which old Bœotia's custom claims ;

Ægina him her champion shows ;  
Him six times crowned Pellenè knows,  
And Megara's stone, o'erblazoned with  
his praise.

O thou, that rearest thy temple bleak  
On Atabyrium's topmost peak,  
Great Jove, with favour hear our loud  
triumphal lays.

#### EPODE V.

Raise thou the man, whose arm hath  
found

Renown in famed Olympia's vale ;

Bid citizens his deeds resound,

Strangers his name with reverence hail.

Just, like his upright sires, unblamed  
he walks

His unpretentious way.

Hide not his race from good Callianax,

His tribe Eratian tell : for him to-day

The whole state feasts — but in a  
moment's change

To every point the gusts of public  
favour range.



## ODE VIII.

TO ALCIMEDON AND TIMOSTHENES HIS  
BROTHER

*Victors among the Youths in Wrestling,  
the former at the Olympic, the latter  
at the Nemean Games*

---

### STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA, mother of the Games,  
Where Worth his golden chaplet claims ;

Mistress of Truth; whose fate-explor-  
ing Priest  
From the slain victim learns, if high-  
est Jove,  
Whose hand the dazzling thunder  
throws,  
Views with regard the dauntless breast,  
That, fired with Virtue's noblest love,  
Pants but for Fame and Victory's sweet  
repose.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Such blazon gracious Heaven allows  
To prophets' pure and pious vows.  
But thou, Pisæan Grove, whose  
branches wave  
O'er Alpheus' stream, accept the  
wreaths I bear,  
Triumphal strains. A deathless name  
Thy glorious guerdon gives the brave.  
Not all the same distinctions share:  
Various the paths divine, that lead to  
fame.

## EPODE I.

You, valiant youths, kind Destiny  
    consigned  
To Jove your natal genius: he thy  
    name,  
Timosthenes, proclaimed in Nemea's  
    Game,  
While Pisa's wreaths Alcimedon en-  
    twined:  
Of beauty's manliest mould was he;  
Nor failed his act the warrant of his  
    face;  
Crowned with the Wrestler's victory  
Ægina's isle he named his native place:  
Where all to Themis bow, that sits  
    above,  
Saviour at once and judge, by Hospitable  
    Jove,

## STROPHE II.

No where so revered. Hard it is  
Where interests clash and contests  
    rise  
To meet the occasion, yet with judg-  
    ment pure



The scales of right sustain. By Heav-  
en's decree  
That sea-girt isle thus proudly stands  
(Still strengthening Time its weal se-  
cure),  
Like some blest column in the sea,  
To invite and guide all strangers from  
all lands;

#### ANTISTROPHE II.

Still ruling with her Dorian line  
The realm of Æacus divine:  
Whom fair Latona's son with Neptune  
paired,  
Toiling round Troy to rear the tow-  
ering wall,  
Leagued in her work: her fatal hour  
By that portentous choice declared,  
That her proud domes in fight should  
fall,  
And hostile fires her smouldering fanes  
devour.

## EPODE II.

Scarce perfect was the pile, when up  
the tower  
Three azure serpents leapt; and from  
the side  
Two, as with horror thrilled, recoiled,  
and died :  
Yelling the third rushed on with gath-  
ered power —  
The portent strange Apollo views,  
And pondering briefly thus : “ Devoted  
Troy,  
Thy help, ill-omened Hero, rues ;  
Thy mortal work her empire shall  
destroy :  
Yet not without thy sons ; for 't is de-  
creed  
The first and fourth of thine must mingle  
in that deed.

## STROPHE III.

“ Thus Saturn's seed, the thundering  
Jove  
In vision shows me from above.”

That warning given, Xanthus in haste  
he reached,  
The mounted Amazons and Ister's  
stream  
Surveyed. Towards Isthmus by the  
main  
As swift the Trident-bearer stretched;  
But first he stayed his golden team,  
While Æacus regained Ægina's plain.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Thence o'er proud Corinth, to inspect  
Her glorious Feast, his chariot checked.  
Not all with equal favour all things  
see:  
His beardless rivals conquered should  
my string  
Sound for Melesias, Envy's hand  
Fling not the pointed stone at me;  
For I his Nemean Feats will sing,  
And rough Pancratian fray with men  
maintained.

### EPODE III.

With ease from Wisdom's lips instruction flows ;  
Which unprepared fools only will dispense ;  
For weak 's the wit of Inexperience.  
Perfect beyond his peers Meilesias knows  
The Athletic discipline and plan,  
That, when the 'Game shall rouse him  
to the fray,  
Harden and frame the practised man,  
To bear the adored and dangerous  
prize away.  
To-day his boast Alcimedon must be,  
The thirtieth youth his art hath trained  
for victory.

### STROPHE IV.

He with the smiles of Fortune bright,  
Nor wanting valour's manliest might,  
Hath to four hapless youths victorious  
doomed  
The hateful return, the path obscure, the  
tale  
Of shame ; and in his grandsire's heart

Youth's long-extinguished lamp relumed :  
When Glory's cheering beams prevail,  
Old age revives, and death forgets his  
    dart.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Now let the loud-recording lay  
Awaken Memory to display  
What feats, what triumphs in the  
    manual war  
The Blepsian tribe achieved — Gained  
    from the Games  
On their proud busts six chaplets bloom.  
Their kindred's rite the dead shall share :  
Its praise departed Virtue claims ;  
The trump of Glory echoes in the tomb.

#### EPODE IV.

From Fame, the child of Hermes,  
    Iphion  
Heard ere he died, and shall delighted tell  
Callimachus the Olympian crown that  
    fell  
By Jove's good gift to his distin-  
    guished son.

Still may the god his blessings shower  
On their fair deeds, and chase disease  
away ;  
Nor Nemesis send with vengeful power  
To thwart the promise of their pros-  
perous day.  
Grant them long life, to Fortune's ills  
unknown,  
Their country's weal enhance, and crown  
it with their own.





## ODE IX.

TO EPHARMOSTUS, THE OPUNTIAN

*Victor in the Game of Wrestling*

---

### STROPHE I.

ARCHILOCHUS' resounding strain  
The victor's ancient lay, thrice chanted  
loud,  
Sufficed along the Olympian plain  
By Cronium's mount to lead the exulting  
crowd,  
The friends by Epharmostus' side  
That swelled the full triumphal tide.

But from the distant-dealing bow  
To-day 't is thine the shaft to throw,  
The Muse's shaft, that mounts above  
E'en to the purple-bolted Jove  
And Elis' sacred Promontory ;  
Whose realm, CEnomaüs' power o'er-  
thrown,  
Pelops the Lydian hero won,  
Hippodamia's fairest dowry.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Send now thy sweet, thy wingēd reed,  
At Pytho's field : the bard, whose thrill-  
ing string  
Resounds the manly wrestler's deed  
From glorious Opus, stoops not on the  
wing,  
No vulgar flight pursues, the praise  
Of Opus and her son to raise :  
Where Themis and her child sedate,  
Eunomia, famed, preserve the state.  
On Alpheus' banks her glories gleam  
And bloom by pure Castalia's stream  
From whence by minstrels plucked the  
flowers  
Of all their blended chaplets grace



The mother of the Locrian race,  
Midst her deep woods and waving  
bowers.

### EPODE I.

Thus while her favoured City glows  
With the full radiance of my lay,  
Swifter than generous steed, or bark  
that throws  
Her swelling wings along the watery  
way,  
I'll spread the tale through every land,  
If blest by Heaven this tuneful hand  
Cultures the Graces' choicest field;  
For they all mortal transports yield,  
And wit and valour wait on their divine  
command.

### STROPHE II.

By them inspired Alcides dared  
With club terrestrial brave the Trident's  
might;  
What time the Pylian towers to guard  
Neptune his rage withstood. The Lord  
of Light

Advanced his silver-sounding bow,  
And warred against the heroic foe.  
Nor e'en in Hades' rueful hand  
Unbrandished hung the infernal wand,  
Wherewith men's mortal forms are  
    led  
To the hollow city of the dead —  
Renounce, my lips, the verse profane!  
'T is hateful wit at gods to rail:  
Vain-glory's impious ill-timed tale  
Sounds but of Frenzy's thoughtless  
    strain.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Babble no more of themes like these,  
Nor mix with fabled war the immortal  
    Powers:  
Sing rather thou with blameless lays  
Protogeneia's ancient towers;  
Where by Jove's hest in thunder heard  
Man's first abode Deucalion reared,  
When from Parnassus' glittering crown  
With Pyrrha paired the Seer came  
    down.  
Behind them rose their unborn sons,  
The new-named laity of stones,

A homogeneous mortal throng :  
For them thy sounding numbers raise,  
Nor, when old wine inflames thy  
    praise,  
Forget the flowers of modern song.

### EPODE II.

Then, as they tell, a deluge raged  
O'er the sunk Earth's opacous plain :  
Till Jove's rebuke the wasteful waves  
    assuaged,  
And pent them in their oozy gulf  
    again.  
Sprung from that aged ancestor  
Your brazen-bucklered sires of yore,  
(Blood, that from old Iäpetus runs  
And dames that mixt with Saturn's  
    sons)  
A line of genuine kings their native  
    sceptre bore ;

### STROPHE III.

E'er since the Olympian Leader's love  
Snatched Opus' daughter from the  
    Epeian plain

To dark Mænalia's conscious grove,  
And gave her back to Locrus' arms  
again ;  
Lest age, that hastes our mortal doom,  
Should bear him childless to the tomb.  
By that celestial Power comprest  
A nobler birth the matron blest.  
The good old Hero hails beguiled  
And dotes upon the imputed child ;  
And gives him, as his years display  
Youth's comeliest form and manhood's  
fire,  
The name, that graced his mother's  
sire,  
To boast, a peopled realm to sway.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Strangers unnumbered round his throne,  
Argives, and Thebans, and Arcadians  
prest,  
Pisatians too ; but Actor's son  
Menætius most his high regard carest,  
Patroclus' sire : on Mysia's plain  
He with the Atridæ leagued in vain,  
When Telephus the Grecian throng  
Back on their barks disordered flung,

Alone with great Achilles stayed :  
Heroes his act with shouts surveyed :  
And Thetis' son, his brave compeer  
Implored him from that glorious day  
No more to meet the martial fray  
Apart from his all-conquering spear.

### EPODE III.

O! for a spirit that could bid  
New words and quickening thoughts  
to rise,  
Of skill the Muse's daring car to guide  
In all the might of genius through the  
skies !  
Then would I come with glory's bay,  
While Fame and Friendship fired my lay,  
To grace the brothers' Isthmian crown,  
The prize Lampromachus had won,  
The twin achievement proud of one  
victorious day.

### STROPHE IV.

Where Corinth's portal parts the main  
Two triumphs more brave Epharmostus  
gained ;

Others on Nemea's sheltered plain :  
He from the Athenian youths the prize  
obtained ;  
From men the Argolic shield he won :  
Oh ! what a strife at Marathon,  
With beardless foes no longer paired,  
'Gainst sturdier age the stripling dared !  
Himself unfoiled with dexterous bound  
He writhed and whirled them to the  
ground.  
Graced with the goblet's silver meed  
What shouts, what plaudits from the  
throng  
Cheered, as the champion stalked along,  
His manly port, his manlier deed.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

At Jove's Lycæan Feast the whole  
Parrhasian host marvelling his might  
surveyed ;  
Marvelled Pellenè, when the Stole,  
Winter's warm antidote, his bulk dis-  
played.  
Witness the tomb, where Thebans  
grace  
The Games of godlike Iōlas ;

Witness Eleusis' wave-born strand  
The toils and triumphs of his hand.  
From Nature all perfections flow :  
And though from tasked attention slow  
Taught excellence will sometimes strain  
And struggle to renown ; if Heaven  
Has not the inspiring impulse given,  
'T is silence best rewards the pain.

#### EPODE IV

Life's walks are various : one concern  
The crowded world can ne'er sustain :  
To Fame's high path the steps of  
Genius turn.

Thy gift aloud proclaim ; in daring strain  
Tell, how of birth propitious sprung  
The Oilean Games robust and young  
With dexterous arm and dauntless eye  
Thy champion braved, and Victory  
With all his glorious wreaths the shrine  
of Ajax hung.





## ODE X.

TO AGESIDAMUS, OF LOCRIS EPIZEPHYRIA

*Victorious in the Game of Boxing*

---

### STROPHE I.

WHERE stands Arcestratus' triumphant son,  
The Olympic victor, written on my mind?  
My promise of sweet song for him designed  
Had from my faithless memory flown.



But thou, O Muse, from whom no  
treachery springs,  
And Truth, fair daughter of high  
Jove,  
Lend me your upright efforts to re-  
move  
The slur that Slander on mine honour  
flings.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

'T is true the distant dilatory day  
Hath brought to shame the debtor and  
the debt :  
With amplest usury he 'll discharge it  
yet,  
And melt the keen reproach away.  
Mark how the strong wave, as it sweeps  
along,  
Rolls the washed pebble from the  
shore ;  
Mark how the arrear shall vanish as  
we pour  
Friendship's full tribute, our historic  
song.

## EPODE I.

For Truth with the Zephyrian Loc-  
rians dwells :

They love the heroic Muse and martial  
field.

Cycnus with onset fierce, as story tells,  
The o'erpowering might of Hercules  
repelled.

As by Achilles roused Patroclus stood ;  
So to stout Ilas on the Olympian sand  
The boxer's palm Agesidamus owed.

Oft hath the cheering friend, when Na-  
ture's hand

Has touched the warrior's heart with  
Virtue's flame,

Gigantic deeds inspired, and Heaven  
confirmed his fame.

## STROPHE II.

Conquests by toil unearned to few be-  
long :

Action 's the sovereign good, the light  
of life.

But me Jove's Hallowed Rites the ath-  
letic strife

And matchless Games in solemn song  
Bid blazon; which the potent Hercules  
Stablisht by Pelops' ancient tomb;  
What time the godlike Cteatus to his  
doom  
He sent, though sprung from him that  
rules the seas,

#### ANTISTROPHE II.

Him with bold Eurytus, the largess due  
Thus from reluctant Augeas to compel.  
Them on their journey in Cleonæ's dell  
The avenging chief from ambush  
slew.  
Just retribution! his Tirynthian host,  
Surprised in Elis' close defiles,  
Molionè's o'erweening sons by wiles  
Had crushed; and all his choicest chiefs  
were lost.

#### EPODE II.

That guest-beguiling king the wrath  
of Heaven  
Soon reached. He saw the sceptre of  
his sway,

To sword and flame his wealth and  
country given,  
Saw his Epeian kingdom pass away,  
Sunk in Destruction's gulf! 'T is hard  
indeed  
The conflict with a mightier foe to  
close;  
And wit forsakes whom Fate hath  
doomed to bleed.  
Himself a captive thus, the last of  
those  
Whose loyalty his fault and fortune  
shared,  
'Scaped not the dire revenge Herculean  
rage prepared.

### STROPHE III.

That justice satisfied, the son of Jove  
Mustered his conquering bands and  
massy spoils  
On Pisa's plain, the fruits of all their  
toils.  
To his great Sire the sacred Grove  
He compassed out; and in clear space  
within  
Paled all the severed Altis round;

For the free banquet smoothed the  
circled ground ;  
And crowned Alpheius' banks with  
many a shrine

### ANTISTROPHE III.

To the twelve Sovereign Gods. Yon  
bordering peak  
The Cronian Mount he called, a name-  
less waste  
When old Ænomaüs reigned, by song  
ungraced,  
And drenched with snows its turrets  
bleak.  
To that prime consecration and high rite  
The Fates in stern attendance came ;  
And Time, whose sole probation can  
proclaim  
Truth to be true, that season stayed his  
flight.

### EPODE III.

He in his course advancing to this hour  
Bears record where the Hero's altars  
rose ;

The gifts of war how portioned he, the  
flower  
Of all the spoils he gained from all his  
foes ;  
How solemnized his great Quinquen-  
nial Feast.  
Say now, what envied youth the new-  
wrought crown  
Earned in that first Olympiad, from  
the crest  
Of his foiled foe plucking his fresh  
renown ?  
Who quelled his rival in the manual war,  
Flew on the bounding foot, or whirled  
the madding car.

#### STROPHE IV.

Æonus first, Licymnius' youthful son,  
Who ruled in Midea's walls his native  
force,  
With speed unmatched along the Stadian  
course  
The light pedestrian chaplet won.  
First in the wrestler's ring from Tegea's  
plain  
Shone Echemus. To Tiryns shore

The Boxer's manly prize Doryclus bore ;  
While four fleet coursers with his mastering rein

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

To the bright goal Mantinean Semus  
took.  
Home to the mark the lance of Phras-  
tor flew :  
Farthest with circling hand and im-  
pulse true  
Enrikeus hurled the whirling rock ;  
That all his peers the triumph of his  
might  
With shouts applauded. Rising now  
The soft-eyed Moon on Evening's tran-  
quil brow  
Hung the full circle of her lovely light.

#### EPODE IV.

There in full choir the genial Feast  
around  
Encomiastic songs and joyful strains  
Rung through the sacred Grove : such  
cheering sound

Swells for the crown our Locrian hero  
gains.  
True to the custom'd and constituent  
rite,  
Sing we the thunder and the dazzling  
bolt  
That arms Jove's fiery grasp, when in  
his might  
He hurls the bellowing vengeance thro'  
the vault.  
To the loud pipe respond the melting  
lays  
Which late from Dirce's fount her lin-  
gering minstrel pays;

#### STROPHE V.

Dear, as the smiling infant, which  
the wife  
Almost past hope to its fond father  
bears  
Now far declined into the vale of  
years,  
And warms with love his waning life.  
For who, that with long thrift and hon-  
est toil  
His patrimonial store hath swelled,



Loathes not in childless age his gains to  
yield,  
And leave strange heirs to riot on the  
spoil?

### ANTISTROPHE V.

So who with name unsung from  
Glory's fray,  
Agesidamus, sinks to Death's domain,  
The slave of thankless care hath  
breathed in vain,  
And flung life's rapturous hour away.  
For thee the sweet voice of the war-  
bling lyre,  
The soft mellifluous flutes diffuse  
Their mixt harmonious graces, Fame  
pursues  
Where Jove's Pierian Maids the strain  
inspire.

### EPODE V.

By them inflamed have I with earnest  
praise  
The illustrious Locrians crowned;  
poured on their town,

Home of the brave, the honey of my  
lays,  
And swelled, Archestratus, thy son's  
renown.  
Him by the Olympic altar I beheld  
Quelling the mightiest with his vigor-  
ous arm :  
In beauty's flower his manly form  
excelled,  
Where Youth o'er Strength diffused her  
early charm ;  
Such Youth as erst by winning Cypria  
led  
Relentless death repelled from blooming  
Ganymede.





## ODE XI.

TO THE SAME AGESIDAMUS

*For his Victory in the Game of Boxing*

---

### STROPHE

SOMETIMES we need the breathing gale,  
Sometimes the soft celestial rain,  
Child of the cloud, to bless the vale ;  
But when Success Adventure crowns,  
the lyre's mellifluous strain

To spread the eternal blazon, and assever  
On Fame's unfailing oath, that Virtue  
lives for ever.

### ANTISTROPHE

To those, that win the Olympian  
prize  
Such lavish eulogies belong ;  
And such my willing tongue supplies :  
For aye the flowers of genius bloom,  
when Heaven inspires the song.  
Son of Arcestratus, thy proud re-  
nown,  
(Agesidamus hear!) thy olive's golden  
crown,

### EPODE

Won by thy matchless hand shall share  
The sweet melodious lay,  
The Western Locrians all my care :  
There, Muses, join the festal choir, for  
they  
Chase not, I ween, the stranger from  
their shore,  
Nor live unlearned in Glory's lore.

Science and warlike enterprise are theirs :  
The Fox, the raging Lion, every  
    creature  
Unchanged its inborn instinct bears,  
Leaves not the cast of Nature.





## ODE XII.

TO ERGOTELES OF HIMERA

*Victor in the Long Foot-race*

---

### STROPHE

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,  
Protecting Fortune, to thy power I pray  
To guard imperial Himera :  
Guided by thee the wingèd gallies move  
Thro' the wide sea: thine are the  
impetuous wars,  
The pondering councils : by thy change-  
ful sway

Now sunk below, now lifted to the  
stars  
Thro' life's illusions vain Hope steers  
her wandering way.

### ANTISTROPHE

But by sure presage to descry  
The approaching day's event, mysteri-  
ous Heaven  
Hath not to helpless mortals given ;  
And all is blind towards dim futurity.  
Oft on the best in fond Opinion's  
spite  
Joy's sad reverse has fallen ; others no  
less  
With Woe's distressful storms long  
doomed to fight  
Have changed in one short hour disaster  
to success.

### EPODE

Son of Philenor, thy renown  
Had shed its faded flower,  
Thy speed beyond thy native bower,

Like the brave cock's domestic wars,  
unknown :  
Had not, Ergoteles, the civil fray,  
That friend with friend embroils,  
Forced thee from Cnossian fields  
away ;  
Now in the Olympic grove for nobler  
toils,  
By Isthmians once, and twice in  
Pytho crowned,  
A worthier hearth thy Fame has found  
By the warm waves of Himera,  
Whose Nymphs by thee ennobled hail  
thy stay.







## ODE XIII.

TO XENOPHON THE CORINTHIAN

*Victor in the Single Foot-race and in the  
Pentathlon*

---

### STROPHE I.

WHILE to the House thrice in Olympia  
crowned,  
The citizen's indulgent friend,

The stranger's host, my praise I send ;  
Thee, prosperous Corinth, for thy race  
renowned,  
Portal of Isthmian Neptune, shall my  
strain  
Forget not. There the Golden Sisters  
reign  
From Themis sprung, Eunomia pure,  
Safe Justice and congenial Peace,  
Basis of states ; whose counsels sure  
With wealth and wisdom bless the  
world's increase,

### ANTISTROPHE I.

And Insolence the child of bold-  
tongued Pride  
Far from the social haunt repel.  
Many a fair tale have I to tell,  
Which fearless Truth forbids my  
song to hide,  
If aught could hide what Nature's grace  
bestows.  
Sons of the famed Aletes, round your  
brows  
Oft have the blooming Hours displayed  
At sacred game in Glory's field

Triumphant Virtue's noblest braid ;  
Oft to your throbbing hearts by hints  
revealed

### EPODE I.

Discoveries old of Wisdom's ways,  
And works still pregnant with the in-  
ventor's praise.  
Whence sprung the Dithyrambic choir ?  
The bull by dancing Bacchants led ?  
Who taught to curb the courser's fire ?  
Who on the solemn Temples first out-  
spread  
The Sovereign Eagle's sculptured wings ?  
Yours is the Muse's warbled lay,  
And Mars, to panting youth that brings  
The wreath that crowns the fatal fray.

### STROPHE II.

Thou, whose wide rule protects the  
Olympian land,  
Grudge not my song, Paternal Jove,  
Thy boundless favour from above !  
Still o'er this people stretch thy shelter-  
ing hand :

Swell the fresh gale of Xenophon's  
renown,  
And for his powers in Pisa shown  
Accept the ritual praise we pour.  
Pedestrian speed, Pentathlian might,  
Alike he conquered: man before  
Ne'er joined the unequal palms of  
strength and flight.

#### ANTISTROPHE II.

His trophied brows the parsley's crisped  
tiar  
Twice at the Feasts of Isthmus  
bound:  
His deeds the Nemean rocks resound:  
The dazzling speed of Thessalus his  
sire  
Still famed on Alpheus' banks obtained  
the crown:  
He, ere one sun on Pytho's peaks went  
down,  
The single gained and double race:  
Three wreaths on Athens' rugged strand  
In one short month's triumphant space  
Twined round his radiant locks their  
blended band:

## EPODE II.

Seven times the Heliotian prize he bore,  
And with his sire, the illustrious Ptæo-  
dore,  
'Twixt the two gulfs in Neptune's  
Game  
Earned for his meed the minstrel's  
chant,  
The rapturous gift of deathless Fame.  
How graced your matchless deeds the  
Lion's haunt?  
How shone the Delphian steeps  
below? —  
The excess confounds me, while I teach  
Your multiplied exploits; for who  
Shall count the sands that heap the  
beach?

## STROPHE III.

But all things have their bounds, by  
wisdom's sight,  
When just Occasion warns, descried:  
And I thus launched on Praise's tide  
To hymn departed glory, and the fight  
Where Virtue wins the heroic victory,

Disdain to frame the laudatory lie  
E'en for proud Corinth; tho' she boast  
The gifted god-like Sisyphus,  
And her that rescued Argo's host  
Spite of her sire to gain her Minyan  
spouse.

### [ANTISTROPHE III.

Add what her sons before the Dardan wall  
Of warlike hardiment displayed  
Each side the combat; these arrayed  
With Atreus' race fair Helen to recall,  
Those to retain conflicting. Glaucus  
there  
Lycia's bold captain taught e'en Greeks  
to fear.

His boast was, that his sire of yore  
By pure Pirenè's fount his reign  
O'er all her towering city bore  
And called her walls his palace and do-  
main;

### EPODE III.

That sire, who toiled so long to lead  
The grisly Gorgon's refractory seed

Wild Pegasus; ere Pallas made  
For his rude hand the golden rein  
In dazzling dream before him laid —  
“Sleep’st thou, Æolian king?” with  
wakening strain  
She cried, “Yon fiery steed to rule  
Take this bright spell, and bid thy  
sire  
The Equestrian God, with pastured bull  
Heaping his shrine, thy gift admire.”

#### STROPHE IV.

Thus in mid night with gleaming Ægis  
graced,  
The Virgin hailed him as he slept:  
Roused on his feet at once he leapt  
To clutch the glittering wonder, which  
in haste  
To Polyide the neighbouring Seer he  
brought,  
And told the event his foresight sage  
had taught;  
“How while he dreamt the wondrous  
dream  
Couched on her shrine, the daughter  
chaste

Of Jove, whose spear 's the lightning's  
beam,  
Herself the potent gold beside him  
laid."

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Paused not the Prophet, but with prest  
advice  
Urged him the vision to obey ;  
" First offering him, whose watery sway  
Bounds the vast Earth, his sturdy  
sacrifice,  
To Hippian Pallas next a shrine to build :  
For gods 'gainst oaths and hopes with  
ease can yield  
To trembling mortals good or harm."  
Forth sprung the stout Bellerophon,  
Stretcht on his mouth the thrilling  
charm,  
And made the winged fugitive his own,

#### EPODE IV.

And leapt in brazen arms arrayed  
On his proud back and with his fury  
played.



With him the Amazons from the cold  
And desert bosom of the sky,  
A female host of archers bold,  
He smote ; with him the warlike Solymi,  
And fierce Chimæra breathing fire —  
Pass we his downfall from above,  
But mark the ascending steed retire  
Within the Olympian stalls of Jove.

#### STROPHE V.

But while direct the lance of song we  
send,  
What boots it from the tuneful string  
Far from the mark our shafts to fling?  
For to the tribe of Oligæthe a friend  
With all the bright-throned Muses,  
Nemean plain  
And Isthmian shore I 'll visit with my  
strain.  
A word the copious tale shall tell  
Pledged on mine oath: the Herald's  
tongue  
Hath at those games with cheering  
swell  
Full sixty glorious times their triumph  
rung.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

Their past Olympic feats have graced  
my song;

The future in their joyous day,  
Hope's promise, shall the Muse display :  
But fortunes and events to heaven be-  
long.

Smile but their natal genius from above,  
The rest to Mars we'll trust, and  
ruling Jove.

Yet must I name their Pythian boughs,  
Their wreaths from Thebes, from Argos  
brought :

And Jove's Lycæan altar knows  
Their countless wonders in Arcadia  
wrought :

## EPODE V.

Pellenè, too, and Sicyon,  
And Megara, and illustrious Marathon,  
Eleusis, and the fenced Grove  
Of Æacus, and Eubœa's Isle,  
And all the prosperous states, above  
Whose walls huge Ætna lifts her tower-  
ing pile,

All Greece their boundless praise pro-  
claim.  
Teach them, Great Jove, with meekness  
graced  
To tread the dazzling paths of Fame,  
And Fortune's choicest gifts to taste.





## ODE XIV.

TO ASOPICHUS THE ORCHOMENIAN

*Victor in the Single Foot-race run  
by Boys*

---

### STROPHE I.

O YE, that by Cephisis' waves profuse  
Dwell on the banks with steeds and  
pastures fair,  
Illustrious queens of proud Orchomenus,  
Listen, ye Graces, to my prayer —  
Ye, whose protecting eyes  
The Minyans' ancient tribes defend ;

From you life's sweets and purest  
ecstasies  
On man's delighted race descend.  
Genius, and Beauty, and Immortal  
Fame,  
Are yours: without the soft majestic  
Graces  
Not e'en the gods in their celestial places  
Or feast or dance proclaim.  
Raised are their thrones on high  
Beside the Pythian lord of day,  
That bends the golden bow; where they  
All pastimes and solemnities above  
Blissful dispense, and sanctify  
The eternal honours of Olympian Jove.

## STROPHE II.

August Aglaïa, blithe Euphrosynè,  
Daughters of Heaven's resistless king,  
And thou, that lovest the liquid lay,  
Thalia, hear my call, and see  
The choiring minstrels on their way,  
By favouring fortune wooed,  
With festive steps advancing: I to sing  
Asopichus in Lydian mood  
And laboured measures come;

For Minya from the Olympian shrine  
Bright victory bears thy gift divine —  
Go now, sweet Echo of my lyre,  
To pale Proserpine's melancholy dome  
With thy proud tidings to the Sire;  
Tell Cleodamus, that his youthful son  
In Pisa's glorious vale the braid  
From Jove's illustrious games hath won  
And twined the plumes of conquest  
round his head.



**PYTHIAN ODES**







## ODE I.

TO HIERO THE ÆTNÆAN

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

GOLDEN Lyre, Apollo's care,  
Thy aid with violet tresses crowned,  
Their emblem thee, the Muses share :  
The bounding dance obeys, and joy pur-  
sues the sound.

Thy signal wakes the vocal choir,  
When with the sweet preamble's linger-  
ing lay  
Thy frame resumes its thrilling sway.  
The lanced lightning's everlasting fire  
Thou hast extinguisht, while by thee  
On Jove's own sceptre lulled the  
Feathered King  
Forgets his awful ministry,  
And hangs from either flank the droop-  
ing wing :

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Thou his beaked crest around  
Hast poured the cloud of darkness soft,  
And o'er his beaming eyeballs bound  
The lock of thy sweet spell : slumbering  
he sits aloft  
With ruffling plumes and heaving spine  
Quelled by thy potent strain. The  
furious Mars  
Aloof hath left the bristling spears,  
And with thy soft mellifluous anodyne  
Soothed his relentless heart ; for even  
The gods themselves thy searching shaft  
subdues

By skilled Latoïdes aimed in heaven,  
Framed in the bosom of the swelling  
Muse.

### EPODE I.

But those, whom all-discerning Jove  
Abides not, shudder at the sound  
The chaste Pierian Damsels move,  
On earth or in the restless wave,  
Or where in durance underground  
The god's presumptuous foe  
Lies, hundred-headed Typhon; whom  
the cave  
Far-famed by Tarsus bred, now stretcht  
below  
Where Cuma's beetling sea-cliffs frown;  
While on his broad and shaggy breast  
Sicilia's regions rest,  
And hoary Ætna, pillar of the sphere,  
With her bleak snows through all the  
year  
Nursed in her angry arms, presses the  
monster down:

## STROPHE II.

Bursting from whose caverned side  
The living fountains waste their way  
Of unapproachable fire; whose tide  
With clouds of smouldering fume be-  
diments the sultry day;  
Reddening at night the inflamed flood  
Rolls off the lifted rocks, and down the  
steep  
Plunges beneath the bellowing deep.  
Meanwhile that Serpent from his dungeon  
rude  
Sends his dread fire-spouts to the air,  
Vulcanian streams portentous to behold!  
Strange e'en the traveller's tongue to  
hear  
Of sights and sounds so dire the tale  
unfold;

## ANTISTROPHE II.

How on Ætna's burning base  
Beneath her dark umbrageous head  
Chained and immured the rugged place  
Gores all his writhing bulk, that rues  
that restless bed.

Grant me, Great Jove, thy smiles to  
know,  
Lord of this mountain, whose high  
front commands  
In circuit wide the abundant lands;  
Graced with whose name the bordering  
state below  
Shares its great founder's large renown,  
By herald's voice at Pytho's listening  
games  
Declared; while Hiero's chariot-crown,  
A monarch's meed, the inspiring note  
proclaims.

## EPODE II.

From heaven a fresh propitious gale  
With ardent prayer the seaman craves,  
To wing with speed his parting sail;  
While Hope a prosperous course fore-  
tells  
From that good presage o'er the waves :  
Thus blest with omen fair  
Of earliest fame, while Ætna's realm  
excels,  
The Muse her future glories shall de-  
clare ;

Her gorgeous feasts, her coursers proud,  
Her choirs to chant the victor's lay —  
O thou, whose radiant sway  
Delos and Lycia rules; whose haunt is  
still  
The mount that pours Castalia's rill;  
Accept thy suppliant's prayer; her streets  
with heroes crowd.

### STROPHE III.

Good the gods alone dispense;  
All arts, all worth from them we trace;  
And Wit, and Might, and Eloquence  
Are but the gifts divine of bounteous  
Nature's grace.  
But thou this prince's praise to sing  
Intent, as some the brazen javelin wield,  
Urge not thy song beside the field,  
But forward far, where rivals ne'er can  
fling.  
Unchanging Fortune's golden shower,  
With Virtue's goodlier boon, the cloud-  
less mind,  
Time on his state benignant pour,  
And calm Oblivion shade the toils  
behind.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Still shall Memory's rolls attest  
The wars he waged, the fields he won,  
While patient bravery nerved his  
breast ;

What honours sent from heaven around  
their temples shone,

By Grecian hand ne'er pluckt before,  
To crown their wealth a glorious dia-  
dem.

His dauntless mind with pangs extreme,  
Though rackt, war's toil, like Philoctetes,  
bore :

Princes his aid with flattery sought,  
And wooed, by Fortune prest, his  
saving power.

'T was thus the Hellenian heroes brought  
From Lemnian rocks, in Troy's dis-  
astrous hour,

### EPODE III.

Pæan's brave son, with wasting wound,  
Though weak and worn, whose fatal  
bow

Razed Priam's Ilion to the ground.

He closed the lingering toils of Greece,  
With powerless frame advancing slow ;  
For such was Fate's decree.  
Thus may some healing god henceforth  
    increase  
Great Hiero's weal, and Opportunity  
Wait on his wish! — For young Di-  
    nomenes  
Wake now, my Muse, thy cheering  
    lyre,  
And sing the conquering sire ;  
By sire like him quadrigal chaplets won  
Grieve not, I ween, the aspiring son ;  
Wake, then, for Ætna's king thy grate-  
    ful minstrelsies.

#### STROPHE IV.

Blest with freedom, heaven bestowed,  
For him sage Hiero planned the place,  
And building on the Hyllæan code  
Founded their polity. The free Pam-  
    phylian race,  
From great Alcides sprung, that dwell  
On the green skirts of high Taygetus,  
Still hold the Ægimian law, the Dorian  
    use.



They from the cliffs of Pindus issuing  
fell  
On sackt Amyclæ's prosperous plain,  
By whose famed border the Tyndarean  
host  
Their milk-white steeds illustrious train ;  
Such martial sires the tribes of Ætna  
boast.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mighty Jove, to those, that live  
By fruitful Amena's murmuring tide,  
Subjects and prince, like freedom give,  
By Truth's unerring rule their faultless  
course to guide.  
Inspired by thee, by practice sage,  
His son's, his people's steps the sire  
shall lead  
The tranquil paths of Peace to tread.  
Bid, son of Saturn, the Phœnicians' rage  
In calm domestic arts subside,  
Yon Tuscan rout remember in retreat  
Their comrades' groans on Cumæ's  
tide,  
With tarnished ensigns strewed and  
foundering fleet.

#### EPODE IV.

Such was the wild promiscuous wreck  
Wrought by the Syracusan stroke,  
Whose captain from the towering deck  
Dasht to the deep their vanquisht  
throng,  
And knapt in twain the barbarous  
yoke.  
When Athens asks my praise,  
From Salamis I'll date the swelling  
song ;  
Cithæron's field the Spartan's fame shall  
raise,  
Where Persia's boasted archery fell :  
But when, Dinomenes, the lyre  
Thy conquering sons inspire,  
Oh, then, from Himera's banks the  
glittering bough  
I'll pluck to plant on Virtue's brow,  
And bid those echoing shores their foes'  
disasters tell.

#### STROPHE V.

Wouldst thou foil the censor's sneer,  
Thy copious theme in narrowest pale

Confine ; nor pall the impatient ear  
That throbs for fresh delights, and  
    loathes the lengthening tale.  
With forced applause, with grief pro-  
found,  
The vulgar audience listens to the lays  
That swell the prosperous stranger's  
    praise :  
Yet since the flatterer Envy's deadliest  
    wound  
Pains not the brave like Pity's tear,  
Cling thou to Good ; thy vessel's mar-  
    tial throng  
With the sure helm of Justice steer  
And on Truth's anvil steel thy guarded  
    tongue ;

#### ANTISTROPHE V.

Sparks of mischief struck from thee  
Spread far and wide the authentic flame :  
Thousands observe thy sovereignty ;  
A thousand listening ears bear witness  
    to thy shame.  
If yet Fame's dulcet voice to hear  
Thou long'st, still crowned to stand at  
    Virtue's post,

Oh ! shrink not from the worthless cost ;  
But, like a brave and liberal captain,  
    spare  
Thy spreading canvass to the wind.  
Trust not, my friend, to Flattery's ill-  
    bought breath :  
Glory, whose living lamp behind  
Departed mortals gilds the shrine of  
    death,

#### EPODE V.

Bids History's pomp on Goodness  
    wait ;  
And rouses the rewarding strain  
To sound the triumphs of the great.  
Still Cræsus lives for kindness blest :  
On Phalaris, whose remorseless reign  
The bull and torturing fire  
Upheld, the curses of all ages rest :  
Him nor the festive band, nor cheering  
    lyre,  
Nor youths in sweet communion joined  
With fond remembrance hail ! — Above  
The goodliest gifts of Jove  
Fortune the first, Fame claims the sec-  
    ond, place ;

The man whose grasp, whose filled em-  
brace  
Both Fame and Fortune holds, life's  
noblest crown has twined.





## ODE II.

TO THE SAME HIERO

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

GREAT Syracuse, the splendid shrine  
Of battle-breathing Mars,  
Nurse of illustrious chiefs divine,  
And steeds that pant for iron wars!  
To thee, from glorious Thebes, my  
strain I bear.

The conquering chariot's harbinger;

Wherein with fourfold team, that shook  
the thundering plain,  
Thy Hiero won the dazzling braid,  
And crowned Ortygia in her humid fane,  
Seat of the watery Dian; by whose  
aid  
With glittering rein and lenient hand he  
broke  
His youthful coursers to the yoke.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

For oft the virgin Queen, that aims  
The silver shafts of light,  
Oft Mercury guardian of the games  
Plies with prompt hands the trappings  
bright;  
When to the burnisht car he joins the  
speed,  
The vigour of the rein-led steed,  
And calls the wide-domained and trident-  
sceptred god.  
The tuneful strain, fair Virtue's meed  
Others on other monarchs have be-  
stowed;  
As oft the Cyprian minstrels wake the  
reed

For Cinyras (whom Phœbus golden-  
tressed  
With pure celestial love caressed,

### EPODE I.

And Venus made her priest and para-  
mour);  
Such strain to thee for favour found  
Each grateful heart shall pour,  
Son of Dinomenes! mark how, thy  
praise to sound,  
Seated before her peaceful cot,  
The Locrian damsel trolls her lay,  
With looks secure, her fears forgot,  
And foes, thy power hath frowned away.  
That moral to mankind,  
As story tells, by heaven enjoined,  
Round on his restless wheel for ever rolled  
With warning voice Ixion told,  
“With warm returns of gratitude  
Requite the bounties of the good.”

### STROPHE II.

Fatally learnt! A life of bliss  
With Saturn's sons he led;



Whose heavenly friendship used amiss  
To madness fired his impious head :  
What time the matchless consort of high  
    Jove  
He tried, by blind presumptuous love  
To that wild outrage moved. Full soon  
    the just return  
A strange unpractised pain he bore,  
Two bold misdeeds condemned at once  
    to mourn :  
For he, a hero deemed, with kindred  
    gore  
His hands had stained, and first by fraud  
    designed  
The foulest murder of his kind ;

## ANTISTROPHE II.

He to the secret bower unseen,  
Jove's genial chamber, stole,  
And tempted there the eternal Queen —  
O, could man's wit his wish control,  
His true dimensions learn ! A host of  
    woes  
Unlicensed Lust's indulgence knows !  
Witness this thoughtless dupe, that  
    wooded a shadowy cloud,

And made the enchanting cheat his  
bride :  
Fair, heavenly fair, like Saturn's daughter  
proud,  
Lookt the bright form his baseness to  
deride ;  
So well Jove's art had wrought the flat-  
tering bane. —  
Now in his quadri-radiate chain,

## EPODE II.

(Rack self-devised) inextricably bound  
He with stretcht limbs and doleful cry,  
Deals his sad precept round.  
Meanwhile with love unblest that air-  
drawn effigy  
In solitude her single birth  
Monstrous produced: the graceless  
child  
No reverence found in heaven or earth.  
Now "Centaur" named, with passion  
wild  
The mateless male assails  
Magnesian mares in Pelion's vales :  
Whence sprung the unnatural breed,  
whose wondrous kin

Their parents' twofold form combined ;  
The dam their baser parts confest,  
The statelier father crowned the crest.

### STROPHE III.

Thus to perfection God could bring  
Whate'er his will designed —  
God, that o'ertakes the eagle's wing  
And leaves the dolphin's haste behind  
In the mid sea ; whose chastening hand  
hath bowed  
The lofty spirit of the proud,  
And given to modest worth the imper-  
ishable crown —  
But here the unseemly tale we close,  
Warned by the example past and ill re-  
nown  
Of starved Archilochus, whose verse  
morose,  
Whose malice was his feast. The  
stores be mine  
Of wealth and genius to combine.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

The first kind Fortune's gifts afford  
Thy liberal hand around  
Largely to lavish, sovereign Lord  
Of states and hosts with glory crowned :  
He that from ages past assumes to name,  
From all the flower of Greece, in fame,  
Honours, possessions, power, a prince  
surpassing thee,  
Vaunts with false heart and idle  
tongue. —  
O ! for a bark upon the boundless sea  
To range at large, when Virtue swells  
my song,  
And spread, if bravery be the boast of  
youth,  
Thy glory from the strain of Truth :

### EPODE III.

She saw the band to thee, the squadron  
yield,  
And thy green arm from manhood tear  
The trophies of the field.  
Unrisked, unbounded praise thy sager  
counsels share :

All forms of fame thy deeds attend ;  
Hail to thy greatness ! o'er the sea  
Like rich Phœnician stores I send  
My freight of eulogies for thee.  
Accept with favouring eye  
Our rich Castorean minstrelsy :  
Touched on the Æolian chord its notes  
will fire  
With raptures high the seven-toned  
lyre.  
But praise on Apes let boys bestow,  
Keep thou the course thy virtues know :

#### STROPHE IV.

Thus wisest Rhadamanthus won  
The reverence of mankind ;  
The fruits of conscience all his own ;  
No flattering falsehood lured his mind ;  
Wherewith, the sufferer's and the listen-  
er's bane,  
Weak ears intriguing whisperers gain,  
Detraction's pilfering priests, that live on  
calumnies,  
Filching like foxes in the dark —  
Yet what the gain their treacherous trade  
supplies ?

Like the dull net flung from the seaman's  
bark,  
They drudge beneath the deep, while  
o'er the tide  
My buoyant corks untarnisht ride.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

No hold the slanderer's word can take  
On Virtue's generous heart :  
Yet fawning, flattering all, they make  
The mischief, that sustains their art.  
Boldness like theirs I boast not, to my  
friend  
Most friendly ; to my foes constrained  
I am a foe, a wolf, that hunt them ev-  
erywhere,  
And by blind paths my prey surprise.  
Truth in all states her fearless front may  
rear ;  
Whether proud kings, or fierce democ-  
racies,  
Or sapient peers the public weal main-  
tain.  
Strive not with God ; thy rage is vain ;

#### EPODE IV.

He for wise ends the virtuous magnifies,  
Or deigns the worthless head to raise  
With glory to the skies.

Still Envy rests not here: in faithless  
scale she weighs

Her weak pretence 'gainst Merit's claim,  
And in the struggle to be blest

Oft guides the wandering poniard's aim,  
E'en to her own unguarded breast.

'Tis temperate Wisdom's care

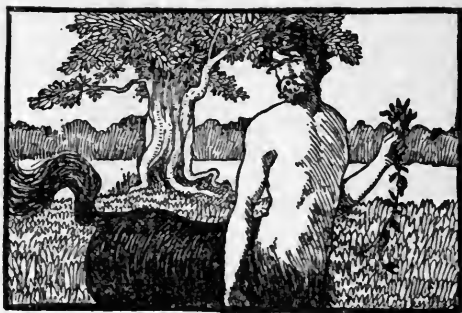
With light contented heart to bear

Life's galling yoke. To kick the  
pointed goad,

And wound the heel, yet keep the load,  
Is the fool's cure. Be mine to use

Virtue's sweet converse and the Muse.





### ODE III.

TO THE SAME HIRO

*Victor in the Horse-race*

---

#### STROPHE I.

O ! THAT good Phillyra's benignant son,  
Old Chiron, from Uranian Saturn sprung  
(If without blame a minstrel's tongue  
With the world's prayer may blend his  
own),  
Could from the dead return, to reign  
O'er Pelion's peaceful vales again,  
And bear once more the generous mind,



Brute though in form, to bless man-  
kind !  
Such, as when erst his fostering care  
The hero Æsculapius bred ;  
Who first taught pain the writhing  
wretch to spare,  
Touched by whose healing hand the pale  
diseases fled.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Him Phlegyas' daughter bore ; who  
midst the throe,  
While Ilithia watcht her matron cries,  
Pierced with the thrilling dart that flies  
From stern Lucina's golden bow,  
Changed by Apollo's power o'ercome  
Her painful chamber for the tomb.  
So fearful 't is for man to move  
The vengeance of the sons of Jove  
She in her frailty's wanton mood  
The bright-haired God's approach re-  
pelled  
(Whose love so late her wavering heart  
subdued)  
E'en while his heavenly seed her genial  
bosom swelled :

## EPODE I.

She to her sire unknown a prince adored.  
No more the bridal feast or damsel train  
She recked; she stayed not till they  
    poured  
In melting choir their hymenèal strain,  
Or to soft airs for maiden meet  
Warbled their wonted vesper sweet.  
Her thoughts on absent raptures rove,  
The torturing dream of all that love.  
Fond mortals thus the gifts refuse  
Of tendering Fortune with disdain;  
While Hope some distant trifle views  
And hunts the flying prize in vain.

## STROPHE II.

That fatal fault within her altered breast  
The fair Coronis nursed: away she  
    threw  
Her virgin robes, and madly flew  
To clasp her loved Arcadian guest:  
Unmark'd not of the Seer divine,  
Whose victims heap the Pythian shrine:  
There throned within his temple pale  
Sage Loxias knew the unseemly tale,

By sure direct communion taught  
The glance of his omniscient mind :  
Falsehood beguiles not him ; nor act,  
nor thought,  
Nor man, nor potent God his searching  
sight can blind.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Thus, while on love Eilatian Ischys  
bent  
He viewed, his feigned pretence and  
deed unchaste,  
To Lacereia's towers in haste  
The god his vengeful sister sent,  
Where rose by Bœbias' distant flood  
The afflicted maid's forlorn abode,  
Now by the Power, whose baleful sway  
Lured her from Virtue's paths to stray,  
Shamed and destroyed. The demon's  
ire  
E'en 'mongst her friends the o'erwhelm-  
ing ill  
Diffused ; as from one spark the gather-  
ing fire  
Spreads through the distant woods, and  
strips the umbrageous hill.

## EPODE II.

Now when by kindred hands the damsel  
lay  
Stretch on the pile sepulchral, and the  
flames  
Ran round; "Mine offspring thus to  
slay  
My soul shall ne'er endure," the god  
exclaims,  
"Nor leave its parent's pangs to share."  
Thus briefly, from the lifeless fair,  
Whom with one pace he reacht (the pyre  
Self-opening to the saving sire),  
Away the struggling child he bare,  
And bade the Pelian Centaur sage  
Store its young mind with precepts rare  
Disease and mortal pain to 'suage.

## STROPHE III.

All those, whose sickly temperaments  
betrayed  
The natural sore; all whom the grid-  
ing sword,  
The whirling rock, had crusht or gored;  
All whom the blistering flames had flayed;

All through whose limbs keen winter's  
breath  
Had blown the drowsy chill of death ;  
(Whate'er the pang their frames en-  
dured)  
Each of his several bane he cured.  
This felt the charm's enchanting sound ;  
That drank the elixir's soothing cup ;  
Some with soft hand in sheltering bands  
he bound,  
Or plied the searching steel and bade  
the lame leap up.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Yet Wisdom's self the lust of gain be-  
trays :  
Him too Corruption with her rich  
reward,  
Her glittering gilded hand, ensnared  
With impious art the dead to raise.  
Roused at the deed indignant Jove  
Thro' both at once his lightning drove ;  
At whose dread shock and instant  
blast  
From both their breasts the spirit  
past ;

So quick the flaming courier speeds.  
Pour we to Heaven our humble prayer,  
And beg the boon our mortal misery  
needs,  
By sad experience taught of what frail  
race we are.

### EPODE III.

Dare not, my soul, immortal life to  
crave;  
The practicable good strive thou to  
gain —  
But O ! that still yon mountain cave  
Sage Chiron held, where this mellifluous  
strain  
With tuneful charm his heart might  
move  
Some healing power to send, from  
Jove  
Or Phœbus sprung, with spells endued.  
To still the pangs that rack the good,  
With him the bounding bark I'd  
mount,  
And ride the rough Ionian wave,  
By Arethusa's bubbling fount  
My kind Ætnean host to save :

#### STROPHE IV.

Him Syracuse reveres, her lenient king  
Whose pride ne'er pined at Virtue's  
    just success ;  
Whose love the unfriended strangers  
    bless ——  
O ! could I reach thy realm, and bring  
Health, golden Health, with Song to  
    grace  
The wreath that crowned thy Pythian  
    race,  
(Which late from Cirrha to thy shore  
The matchless Pherenicus bore),  
Then should thy glorious minstrel shine  
From far with beams of goodlier light,  
With two such gifts advancing o'er the  
    brine,  
Than yon celestial star to thy rejoicing  
    sight.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

But to the Matron Goddess, in whose  
    praise  
Oft near my portal at the midnight hour  
With Pan their hymns the damsels pour,

For thee my distant voice I 'll raise.  
If, Hiero, thy discernment knows  
The flower on wisdom's word that  
    grows ;  
Oft hast thou learnt from sapient age,  
Guide of thy youth, this precept sage,  
That "with each boon kind Fate be-  
    stows  
Two banes the chastening gods com-  
    bine,"  
Banes to the fool, but blessings to the  
    wise,  
Who clear the incrusting coil, and bid  
    the diamond shine.

#### EPODE IV.

Thee Heaven hath prospered ; for if  
    Fortune's eye  
E'er beams on mortal, 't is the con-  
    queror King :  
Yet with unchanged, uncloudy sky  
Not e'en for Peleus shone the eternal  
    spring,  
Nor godlike Cadmus ; tho' they heard,  
To that surpassing bliss preferred,  
The golden-vested Muses fill



With songs of joy their echoing hill,  
Seven-portalled Thebes repeat the strain;  
When this Harmonia's hand endowed,  
On that sage Nereus from the main  
Thetis, his glorious child, bestowed.

### STROPHE V.

Gods from the spheres came down their  
feast to grace,  
Where they their nuptial gifts from Sat-  
urn's sons,  
Ethereal kings on golden thrones,  
Took, and beheld them face to face.  
Thus, for past cares and toils forgot,  
Their hearts corrected with their lot,  
The smiles of favouring Heaven they  
found;  
Sorrow unseen yet hovered round:  
Cadmus, at life's distressful close,  
His frenzied children's furies prest;  
Tho' genial Jove one for his consort  
chose,  
And soothed his power divine on fair  
Thyone's breast.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

Peleus, to whom immortal Thetis gave  
One matchless son, on Phrygia's fatal  
plain

By shaft obscure untimely slain,  
Mourned with all Greece his early grave.  
If there be one, whose wisdom crowned  
The unerring paths of Truth has found,  
'T is his with heart uplift to Heaven  
To improve the gift its grace has given.  
The winds that sweep the vaulted sky  
Shift every hour their changeful way ;  
And when on man swelling Prosperity  
In all its fulness comes, it will not,  
must not stay.

## EPODE V.

Humble in want, in greatness I'll be  
great,  
Still to my fortune's form I'll shape my  
will,  
My wit the follower of my fate.  
Should some kind god my lap with  
affluence fill,  
To Fame's high peak my hopes aspire :

Sarpedon and the Pylian sire  
All ages know, to all proclaimed  
In sounding song by Genius framed.  
Her title to the breathing lyre  
Virtue in charge securely gives;  
But rare the hand, whose touch can fire  
The immortal strain, by which she lives.





## ODE IV.

TO ARCESILAU8 THE CYRENÆAN

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

TO-DAY beside thy friend Arcesilas,  
The steed-renowned Cyrene's bounteous  
king,  
Stand, heavenly Muse, his minstrel choir  
to grace ;

And swell the gale of triumph, as they  
sing  
Latona's twins and Pytho's plain ;  
Where, while Apollo filled the fane,  
His priestess, from her shrine above  
Between the golden birds of Jove,  
Decreed, that on yon fruitful coast  
Battus should plant his alien host  
Embarking from the sacred Isle, and  
found  
The town for chariots famed on Libya's  
glittering mound ;

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Battus the tenth and seventh of his  
line  
Thus destined to fulfil the eventful  
word,  
Which erst at Thera from her lips di-  
vine  
The raging daughter of Æetes poured.  
'T was thus to Jason's godlike train  
The Colchian queen address her strain :  
" Hear, what my labouring soul fore-  
bodes,  
Ye sons of heroes and of gods ;

How Epaphus' child in after-days  
From this wave-wandered isle shall raise  
Within the precincts of the Ammonian  
king  
A root, whence cities proud, and peopled  
realms shall spring.

### EPODE I.

“ They from the Dolphin's puny chase  
Shall turn the generous steed to train,  
And urge for oars the chariot's race  
With tempest speed and flowing rein.  
Great parent thus shall Thera shine  
Of mighty states ; so doomed by pledge  
divine,  
When in man's form the social god,  
Where cool Tritonis pours her issuing  
lake,  
His country's symbolled soil bestowed ;  
From the high prow, that sacred gift to  
take,  
Down stopt Euphemus ; and consenting  
Jove  
Clanged the loud thunder from above.

## STROPHE II.

“’T was when the parting crew on  
Argo’s side  
Their anchor brazen-fanged, her steady  
rein,  
Were fastening — (we thro’ deserts waste  
and wide  
Twelve tedious days proceeding from  
the main  
Our lifted bark laborious bore,  
Hauled by my counsels to the shore — )  
At that portentous hour alone  
The God came forth: his aspect  
shone  
Gracious, as of a reverend man ;  
And frank and kind his accents ran ;  
As when some generous lord his enter-  
ing guest  
With cheerful welcome greets, and bids  
him to the feast :

## ANTISTROPHE II.

“ Yet briefly (for the excuse of sweet  
return  
Prest us), ‘ *his name Eurypylus,*’ he said,

‘*Sprung from the immortal Sire whose  
billowy bourne  
Shakes the loud shore;*’ nor more our  
haste delayed,  
But without parley from the ground  
Snatched the first pledge his friendship  
found :  
Forth leapt our hero to the strand,  
With hand extended graspt his hand,  
And gladly from the tendering god  
Accepted the propitious clod ;  
Which late at eve washt from the ves-  
sel’s side  
Sunk in the brine, they say, beneath the  
weltering tide.

## EPODE II.

“ Full oft I charged the attendant band,  
Now freed from heavier toil or thought,  
To guard it well ; my vain command  
Full soon their heedless hearts forgot.  
Thus on this isle the immortal seed  
Of Libya’s fortune ere its hour is shed ;  
For if to Tænarus’ sacred shade  
Euphemus hence returned, that mystic  
boon



By Hell's terrestrial gates had laid  
(Yon godlike prince, steed-mastering  
Neptune's son,  
Whom Tityus' daughter by Cephisus'  
shore  
Erewhile the famed Europa bore),

### STROPHE III.

“Then, when the Greeks went forth, as  
go they shall,  
From Lacedæmon, in the fourth descent,  
And Argos and Mycenæ's swarming  
wall,  
His blood had ruled that boundless con-  
tinent.  
Now must he raise in strange embrace  
With barbarous dames his chosen race ;  
That led by Heaven with fortune's  
smile  
Shall reach this rude sequestered isle,  
And rear a mortal doomed to reign  
The lord of Libya's cloud-black plain.  
Him with abstruse response and hint  
divine  
Heard from the Pythian domes and gold-  
encumbered shrine,

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

“ Phœbus with fleets and hosts in happier  
days  
Shall warn the clime to seek, where o'er  
the land  
Saturnian Nile his fattening moisture  
lays.”

Such was Medea's lore : the heroic band  
Speechless in fixt amazement stood  
Thrilled at the marvellous truths she  
showed.

Blest son of Polymnestus, thee  
Portrayed in that proud prophecy,  
Thee with her sweet spontaneous strain  
The Delphian maid proclaimed again :  
Three times thy state she hailed, and  
gave the word  
That sent thee crowned away, Cyrenè's  
destined lord,

#### EPODE III.

Thee to that shrine a suppliant sent  
With prayers thy faltering speech to  
cure —

Now prospering in the eighth descent  
Still on the throne thy sons endure ;

Where in youth's prime Arcesilas  
Fresh as the spring his purple flower displays.  
On him with crowns the Amphictyons  
wait  
Given by Apollo for his Pythian race :  
Him to the Muse I'll consecrate ;  
Him and the all-golden fleece, whose  
distant place  
When erst thro' many a wave the Min-  
yans found  
Glories from heaven their temples  
crowned.

#### STROPHE IV.

But whence that voyage? what neces-  
sity  
Bound on their hearts its adamantine  
chain?  
'T was Pelias' doom by fraud or force  
to die  
By Æolus' renowned descendants slain.  
For e'en his soul with wisdom filled  
The threatening Oracle had chilled ;  
That, breathed from Delphi's central  
cave,

The wood-crowned Earth's mysterious  
nave,  
Bade him with all his kingly care  
The single-sandalled wight beware,  
Come when he should, stranger or citizen,  
Down from his mountain hold to famed  
Iolcus' glen.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

All at the appointed time, with ported  
spears  
In either hand appeared the dreadful  
man :  
Shaped in Magnesian guise a garb he  
wears,  
That round his glorious limbs compacted  
ran ;  
O'er which a pard-skin from the storm  
Sheltered his stout unshuddering form.  
His mantling locks unshorn, unbound,  
In nature's wildness waving round,  
Down his broad back illustrious shook :  
Forward all bent on speed he broke,  
Till in the forum halting, calm unmoved  
Amidst the inquiring crowd his dauntless  
heart he proved.

#### EPODE IV.

Unknown he stood — “Apollo’s mien  
Is this?” some gazing wonderer cried,  
“Or his, that wooed the Cyprian queen,  
Whose reins the brazen chariot guide?  
In flowery Naxos ages since  
Otus and Ephialtes, daring prince,  
Iphimedia’s offspring died:  
Tityus, gigantic form, Diana slew,  
When from her chaste and quivered side  
Her huntress-bolt the unconquered virgin  
drew;  
That warned from joys forbidden men  
might haste  
The practicable bliss to taste.”

#### STROPHE V.

Thus they with vague surmise in crowds  
discoursed  
Listening and whispering; when in bur-  
nisht car  
Pelias with mules all panting thither  
forced  
His urgent speed. Astounded from afar  
The stripling’s dexter ankle round

He spied a single sandal bound ;  
Yet with disguised alarm, " Proclaim,  
Stranger," said he, " thy country's  
name ;  
Tell me what matron born on earth  
From her fair bosom gave thee birth ?  
Let not the loathed lie thy lips disgrace,  
But meet my just demand, and frankly  
tell thy race."

#### ANTISTROPHE V.

Him with undaunted Virtue's accents  
mild  
Answered the youth, " From Chiron's  
school I come ;  
The Centaur's daughters nursed me  
from a child,  
And good Chariclo made her cave my  
home.  
Now, when by their kind care sustained  
My strength its twentieth year has  
gained,  
For no foul deed, no phrase unchaste  
From that sage intercourse displaced,  
My home I visit, to require  
The ancient honours of my sire ;

Which erst to ruling Æolus and his heirs  
Jove in his bounty gave, and now the  
Usurper wears.

#### EPODE V.

“ He by perverse ambition stung  
The traitor Pelias, as 't is said,  
Their sceptre from my parents wrung,  
Which they by right with justice swayed.  
They on my birth's eventful day  
Dreading that lawless ruler, in dismay  
My death pretended, and prepared  
Domestic semblance of sepulchral rite ;  
And female moans and sighs were heard :  
Me swathed in purple, to the secret  
night  
Trusting their silent path, in Chiron's  
care  
They placed, the nurturer of their heir.

#### STROPHE VI.

“ Such is my tale — Good people, tell  
me true —  
My fathers rode the milk-white steed —  
where stand

Their stately towers ? — 't is Æson's son  
ye view ;  
I come no alien to a stranger's land :  
My godlike host, the centaur Seer,  
The name of Jason bade me bear."

Thus spake the youth : his father's  
glance  
Discerned far off the son's advance,  
And the big tears of ecstasy  
Came bubbling from his aged eye,  
So swelled his bursting heart with joy to  
find  
His lost illustrious boy the comeliest of  
mankind.

#### ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thither in haste, allured by Jason's fame,  
His reverend uncles, from the neigh-  
bouring bowers  
By Hypereia's fountain, Pheres came,  
Came Amythaön from Messenè's towers.  
Admetus and Melampus too  
To greet their glorious kinsman flew.  
With welcome warm and sumptuous  
feasts



Jason regaled his honoured guests,  
And freely without change or check  
Threw loose the reins on Pleasure's  
neck :  
Five days and nights in sympathy of  
soul  
Plucked they the laughing flowers, that  
crown the social bowl.

#### EPODE VI.

On the sixth morn his plan proposed,  
Its cause, importance, means, and bent  
To all his kin the youth disclosed.  
Forthwith they sallied from their tent,  
In haste for Pelias' mansion bore,  
And now already stood within the  
door.

The soft-haired Tyro's artful son  
Spontaneous rose to meet the martial  
throng ;  
When with mild air and soothing tone,  
Dropping sweet words that melted from  
his tongue,  
Jason the conference raised on Wisdom's  
base :

“ Hear thou, Petræan Neptune's race,

## STROPHE VII.

“ Prone is man’s mind from Honour’s  
arduous way  
To verge into the tempting paths of  
gain,  
Rough in the advance and leading far  
astray :  
But thine and mine it must be to re-  
strain  
Our wrath, and weave our future weal.  
I speak to ears, that heed and feel.  
One parent’s womb, thou knowest, of  
yore  
Cretheus and bold Salmoneus bore ;  
And we their grandsons thus look on  
The glory of the golden Sun.  
But when affection cools, and hateful  
ire  
Rankles in kinsmen’s hearts the decent  
Fates retire.

## ANTISTROPHE VII.

“ Oh ! ’t is not seemly thus with lance and  
shield  
That thou and I for honours ancestral

Base war should wage. Take all my  
spacious field,

My flocks and brindled herds, I cede  
them all,

Which from my sire thy daring stealth  
Forced and yet feeds, thy pampered  
wealth.

I grudge thee not, and view with ease  
Thy house enhanced with spoils like  
these.

But what I challenge for my own,  
My sovereign sceptre, and the throne  
Whereon sat Æson, when the law  
divine

His horsemen hosts received, these,  
Pelias, must be mine :

#### EPODE VII.

“ These without conflict from thy hand,  
Lest ill betide thee, yield us back.”

Thus urged the prince his just demand ;  
And thus e'en Pelias calmly spake :

“ Thy will be mine : but me the late  
Remains of life's declining hour await ;  
Thy youth now wantons in the bloom :

Thou canst appease the subterranean  
powers;  
The soul of Phrixus from the tomb  
Calls me, to bear him from Æetes' towers  
And seize the ponderous ram's reful-  
gent hide,  
That saved him from the raging tide,

### STROPHE VIII.

“Saved from the incestuous stepdame's  
angrier dart.  
This to mine ear a dream miraculous  
Hath told: for this have I with anxious  
heart  
Castalia's counsels askt, that urge me thus  
Thither with bark and band to speed —  
Dare thou for me the adventurous deed,  
And I will leave thee lord and king:  
Jove, from whom all our races spring,  
Be Jove himself our binding oath,  
Witness, and warrant of our troth.”

This compact to the chiefs propounded  
they  
With full consent approved, and parting  
went their way.

### ANTISTROPHE VIII.

His heralds loud now Jason bade proclaim  
The perilous enterprise. Three sons of  
Jove  
Unmatcht in combat at that bidding  
came,  
The fruits of Leda's, and Alcmena's,  
love.  
With these two lofty crested chiefs  
From Pylus' towers and Tænarus' cliffs,  
Enthusiasts of renown, and held  
Men of tried heart in valour's field;  
Euphemus this, from Neptune sprung,  
That Periclymenus the strong.  
Illustrious Orpheus too, the minstrel's  
sire,  
Apollo's offspring, came, and smote the  
inflaming lyre.

### EPODE VIII.

Hermes, that waves the golden wand,  
His youthful sons, Echion fair  
And Erytus, with the venturous band  
Despatcht, the rough exploit to share.

Down came the youths, that dwelt  
below  
Pangæum's wintry base: for Boreas  
now  
Pleased with such service, king of storms,  
Sent forth in haste his wondrous progeny  
Zetas and Calais, mortal forms,  
With plume-rough backs and purple  
wings to fly.  
Juno their hearts with sweet persuasive  
zeal  
Inspired to bound on Argo's keel,

#### STROPHE IX.

To court the tempting toil: that none  
might long  
To waste undangered on his mother's  
arm  
Youth without glory; but his peers  
among  
Find e'en in death the inestimable charm  
That cheers the close of Valour. Now  
Iölcus reacht in godlike row  
Stood the choice crew: Jason their  
look  
Heroic praised, their numbers took.

By auguries watcht, by chances cast  
Mopsus assured of heaven, in haste  
The panting band embarkt, and from  
below  
The lifted anchor hung upon the dancing  
prow.

### ANTISTROPHE IX.

High on the stern a golden goblet  
reared  
The chief, and to the sire of all the  
gods,  
The lightning-lanced Jove, his prayer  
preferred ;  
Invoked the powers, that sway the winds  
and floods,  
The sea's wild ways, the nights forlorn,  
And smiling days, and sweet return.  
Heaven's prompt assent in accents loud  
Spake the big thunder from the cloud,  
And playful poured in volleys bright  
Its fractured beams of harmless light.  
Paused those rude heroes, by that gleam  
divine  
And sound ambiguous awed — Mopsus,  
that hailed the sign,

## EPODE IX.

Cheered to their oars the rallied crew,  
And with sweet hopes their hearts in-  
spired :

At their stout stroke the galley flew ;  
Tost from their blades the surge retired.  
Soon by the breathing South impelled  
To Axine's stormy mouth their course  
they held ;

There to the billowy Neptune reared  
A sacred shrine and altar marbled o'er,  
And made their offering from the herd  
Of Thracian bulls, that pastured on the  
shore ;

Then, as the danger deepened, all adored  
Of ships and seas the mighty lord ;

## STROPHE X.

So their frail bark the justling rocks  
might shun,  
Frightful collision ! — Twain, self-  
moved, they were,  
Alive, with wild rotation whirling on  
Swift as the roaring winds — In mid  
career



The passing demigods before  
Awe-struck they stopt and raged no  
more.

Now, Phasis reacht, in converse sweet  
The Greeks and dusky Colchians meet :  
Æetes ruled the barbarous land.

Then first the Cyprian queen, whose  
hand

Points the resistless arrow, from above  
Her mystic Iÿnx brought, the madden-  
ing Bird of Love,

#### ANTISTROPHE X.

Fast in his quadri-radiate circlet bound,  
Charm of mankind : and incantations  
strange

Æson's sage son she taught, and spells  
profound ;

Spells, that Medea's filial faith might  
change,

And for fair Greece her feverish heart  
Seduce from that wild beach to part.

Tought by Persuasion's gentle goad,  
All her sire's arts and toils she showed :

Soft oils and antidotes she gave

Her Jason's beauteous form to save ;

Till all prepared to Hymen's sweet control  
Their mutual loves they pledged and mingled soul with soul.

### EPODE X.

But when Æetes full in sight  
His adamantine plough produced  
His furious bulls, whose nostrils bright  
Flames of consuming fire diffused,  
Battering the ground with brazen tread;  
These single-handed to their yokes he led;  
And steadfast drove his furrowed line  
Straight thro' the smoking glebe, severing  
    in twain  
An acre's breadth Earth's sturdy spine.  
"Let him that ruled your vessel o'er the  
    main  
Do me this deed," the vaunting chieftain  
    cries,  
"And be the immortal Felt his prize,

### STROPHE XI.

"His the rich fleece, that glows with  
    flakes of gold."

Off, at that challenge roused, his saffron  
vest  
Flung Jason, and in Love's assurance bold  
Closed on the task: charmed by his  
bride's behest  
Singed not his frame the raging fire,  
Forward he drags the team and tire;  
Their necks in close constraint he joins,  
Stirs with sharp goad their struggling loins,  
And with stout arm and manly grace  
Works out with ease the appointed space.  
In speechless pang, yet muttering at  
the sight,  
Aghast Æetes stood and marvelled at  
his might.

#### ANTISTROPHE XI.

Forth to their gallant chief the heroic  
throng  
Stretcht their glad hands, crowned him  
with chaplets green,  
And gratulations poured from every  
tongue. —  
Now to the secret haunt, where hung  
unseen  
The glittering skin by Phrixus spread,

Sol's wondrous son the strangers led ;  
Nor weened that mortal enterprise  
Could from that toil triumphant rise.  
Deep in a dark defile it lay :  
A ravening dragon watcht the way,  
In bulk like some huge galley, thick and  
long,  
With iron compact, and workt by fifty  
rowmen strong.

#### EPODE XI.

But the time urges, and 't were long  
The vulgar tedious path to tread ;  
I know the readier route of song ;  
And Wisdom follows where I lead.  
Arcesilas, by art beguiled  
The blue-eyed motley serpent Jason  
foiled ;  
With stolen Medea, Pelias' bane,  
The boisterous Ocean crost, and Red-  
sea flood  
To shores, where now the heroic train  
'Mong Lemnian wives, stained with their  
husbands' blood,  
Vied for the mantle prize in naked grace,  
And claspt them in their warm embrace.

## STROPHE XII.

On that famed day or night, by Fate's  
decreed  
'Mong tribes barbarian on a distant  
strand  
Dawned the first beam of thy great des-  
tiny.  
There first the race that shall for ages  
stand,  
Of proud Euphemus hailed the day  
With Spartan dames and customs they  
Mingling and swarming forth erewhile  
Peopled Callista's beauteous isle :  
From whence thy sires o'er Libya's  
waste  
Honoured as gods Apollo placed,  
And gave with counsels just and laws  
unknown  
Cyrenè's realms to rule, and grace her  
golden throne.

## ANTISTROPHE XII.

Use now the wit of Œdipus profound —  
If one with sharpened axe and reckless  
stroke

Lops as he lists the sightly branches  
round  
And shames the honours of the spreading  
oak :  
Tho' fruit thereon no longer glows,  
Still her proud bulk and strength she  
shows,  
What time in winter's hour of need  
The crackling hearth her fragments feed ;  
Or stretcht along the lengthening row  
Of stateliest columns reared below  
Some stranger's pressing palace she sus-  
tains  
With firm unfailing trunk, forced from  
the unsheltered plains.

## EPODE XII.

Thou art the leech, the times require,  
And Pæan speeds thy skill profound ;  
With lenient hand, relenting sire,  
Soften and heal thy subjects' wound.  
The worst, the weakest from its base  
A state with ease may shake ; but to re-  
place  
The accomplisht pile is power indeed,  
Unless some guardian spirit in his love

Seize the loose helm, the leaders lead.  
For thee that grace the favouring Fates  
    have wove.  
Oh! dare then for thy loved Cyrenè's  
    weal  
Strain all thy strength, use all thy zeal.

### STROPHE XIII.

A goodly messenger, as Homer sings  
(Heed thou the tuneful sage), acceptance  
    gives  
And estimation to the charge he brings.  
So from her virtuous theme the Muse  
    derives  
Honour and grace. The illustrious  
    house  
Of Battus, all thy realm allows  
Damophilus unmatched in truth,  
Generous and just; 'mong boys a  
    youth,  
In counsel provident and sage  
As one that boasts a century's age.  
He of its sparkling jest the slanderous  
    tongue  
Bereaves: with honest hate he meets the  
    oppressor's wrong.

### ANTISTROPHE XIII.

Thus with the wise and good no strife  
hath he,  
Ardent and urgent of his upright plan ;  
For well he knows, that Opportunity  
(Which he observes, not serves) rests not  
with man  
A moment's pause. 'T is bitterest pain  
To know, yet need, and crave in vain  
The sweets that friends and freedom  
give :  
Thus doth this suffering Atlas strive,  
From wealth and kin and country driven,  
Against thy weight, his pressing heaven.  
Yet Jove the Titans loosed, and when  
the gale  
Vexes the deep no more, we furl the  
useless sail.

### EPODE XIII.

Worn out with lingering ills, his prayer  
Is still to greet his native plain,  
By Cyrè's fount the feast to share  
And yield to youth his soul again.  
There ranked among the minstrel choir



To touch with gifted hand the burnisht  
lyre,  
Warbling in peace his harmless lay,  
Nor offering to his foes nor suffering  
wrong.  
Oh! that his lips had power to say  
What recent fountains of ambrosial song  
Flowing for great Arcesilas he found,  
Illustrious guest on Theban ground.





## ODE V.

TO ARCESILAUS THE CYRENÆAN

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

WEALTH is wide-extended power,  
Whene'er with genuine worth combined  
Man leads it forth in Fortune's favouring  
hour  
And friendships throng behind.

Thee, heaven-enhanced Arcesilas,  
These gifts thro' all thy glorious days  
From life's first step, by Castor's grace,  
Have blest ; who now with Pythian bays  
Given from his golden car thy brows  
hath crowned :  
'T was he the threatening storm allayed  
That shook thy prosperous house and  
spread  
The cheering calm, that brightens round.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Wisdom still with temperate hand  
Improves the boon by Heaven bestowed ;  
And thee, that walkest with Justice  
through the land,  
A thousand blessings crowd.  
First as thou art the sceptred lord  
Of mighty realms, and bearest combined  
By Nature for that proud reward,  
The ruler's eye, the sage's mind :  
Next as thy coursers from the Pythian  
plain  
Have born the glorious prize away,  
While Phœbus gives thee to display  
The exulting pomp and choral strain.

## EPODE I.

O cease not, while the song, that swells  
thy fame,  
Sounds through Cyrenè's echoing towers,  
Where Venus spreads her sweetest bow-  
ers,  
God the great cause of all things to pro-  
claim.  
First of thy peers be great Carrhotus  
styled ;  
He brought not to the applauding plain,  
Where Battus' just descendants reign,  
Excuse, repentant Epimethes' child ;  
But foremost in the chariot-course  
By pleased Castalia's sacred source  
The accepted stranger past, and round  
Thy kingly locks his wreath of glory  
bound.

## STROPHE II.

Twelve times round the measured bourn  
With heel unmatcht, uninjured rein,  
Flew the swift steeds, nor tire nor trap-  
ping torn —  
Lo ! where by Delphi's fane

Hangs the fair chariot (sound and bright  
As from the sculptor's hand it wheeled  
Beneath the steep Crisæan height  
To the hollow plain and sacred field),  
Slung from the cypress beam, the God  
beside ;  
Where by the Cretan archers' hands  
Hewn from one trunk his statue stands,  
The rich Parnassian temple's pride.

#### ANTISTROPHE II.

Him with grateful heart we praise,  
Whose deeds exalt his country's king :  
On thee, Alexibiades, their rays  
The bright-haired Graces fling ;  
Blest in the minstrel's mindful strain,  
Thy rare exploit's reward, to live :  
Twice twenty chariots strewed the plain,  
Thy wheels ungrazed, thy steeds sur-  
vive :  
Skill hath no place but in the brave  
man's breast ;  
Now from the glorious games once  
more  
His Libyan plains, his native shore,  
The youth's triumphant steps have prest.

## EPODE II.

Thus labour still, man's painful part,  
remains.

Yet mark! the same propitious Power  
(The stranger's light, the nation's tower)  
That beamed on ancient Battus, still  
sustains

The throne he stablisht, and with gifts  
profuse

Blesses his people. Him, 't is said,  
The stately lions roaring fled :  
His alien speech their awe-struck ire  
subdues.

Phœbus himself, that led the way,  
Gave their fierce natures to dismay ;  
That no rude chance might stay Cyrenè's  
lord

In his great course, or thwart the unerr-  
ing word.

## STROPHE III.

Phœbus dire disease's cure  
To seers and sapient matrons shows :  
He gave the lyre ; and on his favourites  
pure

The inspiring Muse bestows  
(The Muse, that wins from ruthless war  
The softened soul to love and peace):  
He rules the shrine oracular;  
Where warned by him the Herculean  
    race  
Sought with the Ægimians on Laconian  
    ground,  
In Pyle and Argos their abode.  
The praise, from Sparta's deeds that  
    flowed,  
Be mine in partial strain to sound.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Spartans born my favoured sires  
From Ægeus sprung to Thera came:  
Fate led them to the land, whose sacred  
    fires  
With many a victim flame.  
Thence, Phœbus, thy Carneian rites  
To proud Cyrenè's mount we bore,  
Still hallowing as the feast invites,  
Her fair-built fanes and echoing shore.  
Thither Antenor's sons, Troy's brave re-  
    mains,  
By hostile flames in ruin laid,

With Helen's Grecian wanderers fled,  
And left their sons the adopted plains.

### EPODE III.

There dwelt that race of warlike chari-  
oteers,  
To whose heroic shades the band,  
That led by Battus rules the land,  
Still slays the sacrifice, the altar rears ;  
Battus, whose winged galleys thro' the  
brine  
Oped their deep passage. For the gods  
High groves he raised, their dark abodes :  
He the Scyrotan to Apollo's shrine,  
Where the full pomp with prancing steed  
Imploring blessings might proceed,  
His spacious causeway planned. The  
Forum nigh  
Aloof the vulgar tombs his reliques lie.

### STROPHE IV.

Blest his mortal part he bore ;  
In death a hero's rites he knows :  
Their sacred kings far off, the walls be-  
fore,



In humbler rest repose.  
Still in the shades beyond the grave  
Our liquid lays their spirits hear,  
Shedding soft dews and streams that  
    lave  
The living flower their virtues bear ;  
Lays, that with them Arcesilas record  
Their glorious son ; whose choral train  
Now sing for him in sounding strain  
Phœbus who waves the flaming sword,

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Him, who sends from Pytho's hills  
The graceful song, that far o'erbuys  
The cost of conquest, to the prince that  
    fills  
The praises of the wise.  
'T is but the general tale : in wit,  
In words, with age his youth may vie ;  
Bold as the Sovereign bird, whose might  
With wings expanded awes the sky.  
His strength in contest, like the tower  
    in war :  
A child the Muses' haunts he knew,  
Still on their pinion soars : and who  
Shall guide with him the glowing car ?

#### EPODE IV.

All the domestic paths that lead to fame,  
His enterprising steps have tried ;  
And well the approving gods supplied  
His purposes with power. Thro' life  
the same  
Grant him, in act resolved, in counsel  
sage,  
Blest sons of Saturn, long to know ;  
Nor let the autumnal tempest blow  
To blast the ripe abundance of his age :  
Jove, whose high will exalts and moves  
The destiny of those he loves,  
Vouchsafe the sons of Battus to obtain  
Like wreaths of glory from the Olympian  
plain.





## ODE VI.

TO XENOCRATES OF AGRIGENTUM

*Victor in the Chariot-race*

---

### STROPHE I.

O LISTEN, while we till the flowery  
field,  
Where soft-eyed Venus and the Graces  
reign,

Hastening with duteous step our vows  
to yield  
Within Earth's murmuring nave and  
central fane :  
Where for the Emmenian tribe re-  
nowned,  
And watery Agrigent, and great  
Xenocrates with Pythian conquest  
crowned,  
Apollo's proud retreat  
Enshrines, its golden stores among,  
The treasure of our rich triumphal  
song.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

Song, that nor wintry shower nor driv-  
ing hail,  
Keen squadrons of the pitiless thunder-  
cloud,  
Nor weltering sands shall beat, nor  
sweeping gale  
Sink in the caverns of the all-whelming  
flood :  
But with fair front, that courts the  
day,  
Thine and thy sire's commingled praise,

Wherewith the world rings loudly, shall  
display,  
And tell in glory's lays  
How bravely, Thrasybule, ye won  
In Crisa's echoing vale the chariot-  
crown.

## STROPHE II.

There, while thine hand thy father's  
fame sustained,  
Well didst thou keep the precept, which  
of old  
Far from paternal care Pelides gained  
From Wisdom's lips in Chiron's moun-  
tain-hold;  
“ Before all powers to fear and love  
The god that wields the lightning's  
fire,  
The deep-mouthed thunder's lord, Sa-  
turnian Jove;  
Next, to thy reverend sire,  
Thro' all his life's appointed day,  
With her that gave thee thine, like  
honours pay.”

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Warmed with such thoughts Antilochus  
the brave  
Single withstood the furious Memnon's  
force  
Backed by his Æthiop host, and nobly  
gave  
Himself to save his sire ; whose fainting  
horse  
Paris with many a shaft had maimed,  
And checkt his chariot's fierce career :  
Whereat his ponderous lance the chief-  
tain aimed  
Full at the Pylian seer :  
Moved at the danger, not appalled,  
" Help, help, my son," the weak old  
warrior called.

## STROPHE III.

That voice unheeded fell not to the  
ground ;  
Firm stood the godlike youth, and with  
his own  
Ransomed his father's life. Thence-  
forth renowned

'Mong youths of earlier times he shines  
alone.

All hearts his generous virtues move ;  
All tongues the egregious deed extolled,  
And crowned it with the palm of filial  
love.

Such things were fame of old :  
Of all the living, Thrasybule  
Most shapes his progress by his father's  
rule,

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Nor shines not by his glorious uncle's side.  
Wisely his wealth he uses ; nurses well  
Youth's flower, nor shrunk with vice  
nor flushed with pride,  
Gathering fresh wisdom in the Muses'  
dell.

Thee, founder of the equestrian race,  
Neptune, that shakest the billowy strand,  
Thee and thy toils his fond pursuits em-  
brace :

Yet with the social band  
In converse mingling, sweet is he  
As the stored cell-work of the mountain  
bee.



## ODE VII.

TO MEGACLES THE ATHENIAN

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn by  
Four Horses*

---

### STROPHE

TAKE, Minstrel, when thy glowing lyre  
displays  
The equestrian triumphs of Alcmaëon's  
race,  
Great Athens for thy theme, the proud-  
est base



Whereon the structure of thy strain to  
raise.

What country's native can we name  
Sprung from what nobler house, the  
applause of Greece to claim ?

### ANTISTROPHE

Thro' all our streets the talk, the gen-  
eral tale

Dwells on Erechtheus' people ; by whose  
hands

Reared on thy Pythian rocks, Apollo,  
stands

Yon gorgeous temple. Thither borne I  
hail

From Isthmus five, from Cirrha twain,  
And one distinguisht wreath from Jove's  
Olympian plain,

### EPODE

Won by thy matchless ancestry,

Illustrious Megacles, and thee.

Thy fresh success with joy we greet ;

Yet sorrowing mark, how Envy's pace

Still runs by Virtue in the race,  
Ill-paid Desert disasters meet,  
And Fortune's wintry gales destroy  
The fairest blossoms of our joy.





## ODE VIII.

TO ARISTOMENES OF ÆGINA

*Victor in the Game of Wrestling*

---

### STROPHE I.

O PEACE, by whom all hearts one friend-  
ship share,  
And mightiest empires stand ;  
Daughter of Justice, in whose hand  
Hang the great keys of council and of  
war : —

For conquering Aristomenes  
Accept the Pythian crown we weave :

Thou knowest the season of soft courtesies,  
The grace to take or give.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

But when the aggressor's wrong thy  
friends sustain,  
And foes thy power engage,  
Then dost thou roughen into rage,  
And plunge presumptuous insult in the  
main.

Too late the rash Porphyrion taught  
Thy sharp rebuke, thy vengeance tries ;  
Taught, how secure the gain by Justice  
bought,  
How dear the plunderer's prize.

### EPODE I.

Thou in his hour each vaunter has sub-  
dued :  
Not Typhon's hundred heads thy watch-  
ful power  
Eluded or repelled,  
Nor he that led the giant brood :  
Their feud the volleying thunder quelled,

With fierce Apollo's arrowy shower ;  
Who now with favouring look receives  
Xenarces' son from Cirrha's plain,  
Crowned with his own Parnassian leaves,  
The shouting choir and Dorian strain.

### STROPHE II.

Nor lies that beauteous isle, where Jus-  
tice sways,  
Where Virtue's touch divine  
Still warms the great Æecean line,  
Far from the Graces thrown. From  
earliest days  
A proud illustrious name she boasts :  
The chiefs her teeming cities yield  
First in the games, among conflicting hosts  
The heroes of the field.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Such are her glories — but the time  
would fail,  
The exhausted ear would tire,  
From voice and soft enchanting lyre  
Of all her deeds to hear the lengthened  
tale.

But to my task — aloft the song,  
Due to thy young exploit, shall spring,  
Plumed by mine heart to bear thy fame  
along  
High on her sounding wing.

### EPODE II.

Thou in the wrestler's field the steps  
hast traced  
Of thy stout uncles: thou nor Theog-  
nete,  
With braid Olympian crowned,  
Hast with thy Pythian proof disgraced;  
Nor stanch Cleitomachus, renowned  
For his huge frame and Isthmian feat.  
Thus thy Midylian tribe enhanced,  
Thy praise Œclides well displayed,  
When to seven-portalled Thebes ad-  
vanced  
The warlike sons his strain portrayed:

### STROPHE III.

'T was when from Argos' walls their sec-  
ond train  
The Seven Descendants led:

“The soul by nature bold,” he said,  
“That warms the generous father, glows  
again  
In the brave son. Behold, behold,  
At Cadmus’ gates Alcmæon wield,  
First in the fight, the dragon’s motley  
mould  
That fires his blazoned shield.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

“Adrastus too, by past disasters prest,  
Now, with fresh heart upheld  
By happier omen, fronts the field,  
For future woes yet markt, at home un-  
blest.  
He of the Danaän chiefs alone  
Shall come with whole unvanquisht pow-  
ers,  
Yet gathering sad the relics of his son,  
To Abas’ massy towers.”

### EPODE III.

Thus sage Amphiaräus taught the throng :  
Nor with less rapture round Alcmæon’s  
brows

Will I the wreath entwine,  
Less bathe him with the dews of song :  
For he my neighbour is ; his shrine  
Guards with its shade my hallowed  
house :

As to Earth's central dome I came,  
His spirit crost my startled way,  
Toucht with his sire's prophetic flame,  
And told the triumphs of the day.

#### STROPHE IV.

God of the radiant bow, by Pytho's cliffs,  
Where thy proud rites sustain  
The glorious all-frequented fane,  
Thou on this youth the noblest of thy gifts  
Hast lavisht : at thy feast before  
The prompt Pentathlet's hasty prize  
He snatcht, thy bounty, on his native  
shore  
Once more with favouring eyes

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Beam, I beseech thee, on the harmonious  
lyre,  
Which for the brave this hand



Awakens : Justice takes her stand  
Beside, and guides the sweet triumphal  
choir.

May Heaven's regard thy prosperous  
lot,  
Son of Xenarces, long sustain !  
Tho' wise the weak account him that  
hath got  
Great fame with little pain,

#### EPODE IV.

His life with wisdom armed, his counsels  
just ;

'T is not for man the blessing to com-  
mand ;

From God all bounties flow :

This man he raises from the dust

Aloft ; he lays another low,

And metes him with his chastening  
hand.

Three times thy brow the crown has  
won :

At home in Juno's Games decreed,

At Megara, and in Marathon,

Where might, not chance, achieved the  
deed.

## STROPHE V.

Hurled by thy fierce encounter from  
above,  
Four champions prest the ground —  
To them the Pythian judge profound  
Doomed not the sweet return, nor smile  
of love  
From fond maternal grace to meet ;  
Pierced with their sad mischance, alone,  
By path forlorn they slink and secret  
street,  
The taunting foe to shun.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

But he, that hath some recent glory  
gained,  
On Exultation's wings,  
Lord of his hope, triumphant springs  
To heights which Wealth's low cares  
can ne'er ascend.  
Yet ah ! how short the vernal hour  
Allowed for mortal bliss to blow !  
Fate from the stem soon shakes the flut-  
tering flower,  
That droops and dies below.

## EPODE V.

Child of a day, what's man? what is he  
not?  
His life a shadow's dream! yet when  
from Jove  
The gladdening gleam appears,  
Then bright and brilliant is his lot,  
And calms unclouded gild his years —  
Still, great Ægina, join thy love  
With Jove's; thy realm in freedom hold;  
And Æacus with sceptred hand,  
Peleus and Telamon the bold,  
And great Achilles guard the land!





## ODE IX.

TO TELESICRATES OF CYRENE

*Victor in the Race with Heavy Armour*

---

### STROPHE I

I PANT the Pythian triumph to resound  
Of brazen-bucklered Telesicrates,  
Whom all the deep-zoned Graces throng  
to please,  
The flower of proud Cyrenè, steed-re-  
nowned.  
Her, once a huntress mountain maid,  
From Pelion's tempest-bellowing shade,

Trest with the radiant locks of light  
Thy son, Latona, lured away,  
Rapt in his golden chariot bright,  
To realms where flocks unnumbered  
stray.

Where trees with fruits perennial stand :  
He made her mistress of the land,  
And gave the world's third continent to  
bloom

With nature's loveliest works for fair  
Cyrenè's home.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Forth from his heavenly car her Delian  
guest

Love's silver-sandalled Queen, with  
courteous touch

And soft reception, handed : she their  
couch

In modesty's becoming drapery drest ;

She bade the nuptial rite prepare,

Such as became a god to share

With powerful Hypseus' matchless  
maid —

Hypseus, whose throne the Lapithæ,

Haughty and brave in arms, obeyed :

His race from Ocean boasted he,  
A hero's offspring, whom of yore  
The nymph divine Creüsa bore,  
Earth's glittering daughter, when to  
Peneus' love  
Her watery charms she gave in Pindus'  
warbled grove.

### EPODE I.

Reared by her father's hand, a damsel  
fair  
Of comeliest form Cyrenè grew ;  
She loved not the dull loom, nor e'er  
The task-retracting shuttle threw ;  
Joined not the soft domestic train  
In tame delights of feast or dance,  
But with keen sword and brazen lance  
Rusht on the ruthless savage of the  
plain.  
So watcht, her father's flocks securely  
fed ;  
When the first streaks of morning  
broke,  
The slumbers from her lids she shook,  
Nor lost the precious prime on Sloth's  
bewitching bed.

## STROPHE II.

Her once the quivered distant-darting  
God  
With a fierce lion's rage — unarmed,  
alone —  
Struggling descried : whereat with cheer-  
ing tone  
He roused old Chiron from his rude  
abode :  
“ Haste from thy sombrous cave,” he  
said,  
“ And marvel at this martial maid :  
Mark with what strength her spirit  
strains,  
With what fell foe the unequal fight  
Her fair unpractised arm sustains ;  
Tires not the toil her virgin might,  
Nor freezing fear with danger prest  
Ruffles her bold unshrinking breast.  
Tell me what sire begot the generous  
child —  
Sprung from what wondrous womb,  
among the mountains wild,

## ANTISTROPHE II.

“ Holds she her shadowy haunt, tasting of  
power  
E'en beyond manhood's license? Tell  
me, Sire,  
Doth aught forbid the hand of chaste  
desire  
From that sweet plant to pluck the  
tempting flower? ”  
Moved at the warm request, with mild  
Relaxing brow and glistening eyes,  
The greatly gifted Centaur smiled,  
Then thus with counsel pure replies :  
“ 'T is soft persuasion's secret key  
Unlocks the gates of ecstasy.  
Phœbus, with men, with gods above,  
Prevails the same reserve of love,  
That with concealed approach in vir-  
tue's guise  
Ascends without repulse the bed where  
beauty lies.



## EPODE II.

“ But since with thee no falsehood can  
    remain,  
Some playful freak thy tongue divine  
Impels this nescient mood to feign :  
Thou learn from me a mortal's line !  
Thou, who the ends of nature know'st,  
Know'st all her means ; the leaves that  
    swell  
Earth's vernal bloom with ease canst  
    tell ;  
Number the boundless sands that on the  
    coast  
Of stream or sea the winds or waters  
    beat ;  
That with distinct regard canst see  
All things that are, have been, shall be ;  
If yet the weak must teach, thy wis-  
    dom's want I meet.

## STROPHE III.

“ Thou 'mongst these glades hast sought  
    this maid's embrace ;  
Hence shalt thou bear her o'er the swell-  
    ing brine

To Jove's delightful garden, there to  
shine  
A kingdom's mistress, while the Island  
race  
Her state by thee collected round  
People the plain-encompassed mound.  
Meanwhile to greet the illustrious maid  
For thee the reverend Libya comes,  
Her fields with spacious pastures spread;  
Thrones her within her golden domes,  
And portions from her vast domain  
An empire for Cyrenè's reign,  
Wanting nor fruit nor flower, the beau-  
teous place  
Profuse, nor beast to rouse the raptures  
of the chase.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

“ There shall she bear a son, thence far  
away  
On Herme's pinions wafted from the  
birth,  
To where the bright-throned Hours and  
teeming Earth  
On their soft laps the illustrious babe  
shall lay.

Blest Aristæus; they his lip  
Shall teach the ambrosial food to sip,  
And crown with immortality,  
In nectar quaft, the gifted boy :  
Guardian of flocks and folds is he,  
Thence Nomius named, the herdsman's  
joy ;  
Agreus by swains the chase that love,  
And Phœbus and eternal Jove.”  
Thus Chiron spoke. The God his  
words inspire  
The nuptial rite to speed, and crown his  
great desire.

### EPODE III.

Swift are the movements of celestial  
minds,  
And short the path their wills descry ;  
That hour the bond of rapture binds ;  
In Libya's golden bower they lie.  
There the bright walls for games re-  
nowned  
Still prospering boast her guardian  
love :  
Conquering the while in Pytho's grove  
The son of proud Carneades hath bound

Her brows with glory's wreath, aloud  
her name  
Proclaimed : — him then in all her streets  
With all her beauteous dames she greets,  
Bearing from Delphi's peak the raptur-  
ous prize of fame.

#### STROPHE IV.

Boundless is virtue's praise : yet he that  
wooes  
The wise, with sparing blazon will supply  
The abundant theme, while opportunity,  
That perfects all things, curbs the excu-  
sive Muse.  
This Ioläus practised well,  
As oft seven-portalld Thebes shall tell :  
He for one day from death returned,  
With his choice blade's dispatchful thrust  
Eurystheus pierced ; again inurned,  
Slept with his godlike grandsire's dust,  
The charioteer Amphitryon ;  
Who, on Cadmëan friendships thrown,  
Within the adopted walls where The-  
bans ride  
The milk-white warrior horse, illustrious  
stranger, died.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mingling in dalliance high with him and  
Jove,  
At one great birth two mighty sons of  
yore,  
Matchless in fight, the sage Alcmena  
bore.  
Cold is the tardy tongue that will not  
move —  
Not burn for Hercules to sing,  
Nor that beloved Dircæan spring  
Remember, from whose bubbling stream,  
With Iphicles, he drank. For vows,  
With many a trophy crowned, to them  
The loud triumphal choir I'll rouse.  
Ye warbling Graces, on this head  
Cease not your beams of song to shed,  
That tells what chaplets from Ægina's  
shore,  
And thrice from Nisus' mount Cyrenè's  
champion bore.

#### EPODE IV.

Thus to renown, from mute obscurity,  
Struggling he rose. Let friends proclaim,

And rivals too, if such there be,  
His labours for his country's fame!  
Still keep the watery seer's behest,  
That bids our veriest praises flow  
E'en for the virtues of a foe.  
Oft at the great Pentathlian feast  
The fair beheld thee crowned with vic-  
tory;  
And each her wish in silence gave  
That Telesicrates the brave  
Were but her darling son, or noble spouse  
might be;

#### STROPHE V.

Crowned in the Olympic sports, the  
heroic shows  
Of ample-bosomed earth, and every  
game  
Known in Cyrenè, — thy forefather's  
name  
Yet claims some brief memorial ere we  
close  
(Tho' almost quencht our thirst of  
song),  
To tell how erst the suitor throng,  
Lured by the Libyan damsel's fame,

Antæus' daughter, beauteous-haired,  
With brave pretence and various claim,  
To fair Irasa's towers repaired.  
Her with vain vows her courteous kin  
Chiefs of high note had wooed to win;  
Her many a fond aspiring stranger  
sought,  
For nature in her form its loveliest work  
had wrought.

#### ANTISTROPHE V.

Fain would they pluck the blooming  
fruit that crowned  
Her golden youth's sweet blossom: but  
her sire  
Ties more august, and loftier hopes  
inspire.  
He from sage lips and time-voucht  
tales had found  
How erst in Argos, ere the sun  
Half his diurnal race had run,  
For eight and forty virgins each  
Danäus a youthful spouse embraced;  
Within the Stadium's listed reach  
How all the blushing train he placed,  
While heralds loud to all proclaim

The plan and prizes of the game,  
Wherein each panting hero might decide,  
As each in speed excelled, the fortune  
of his bride.

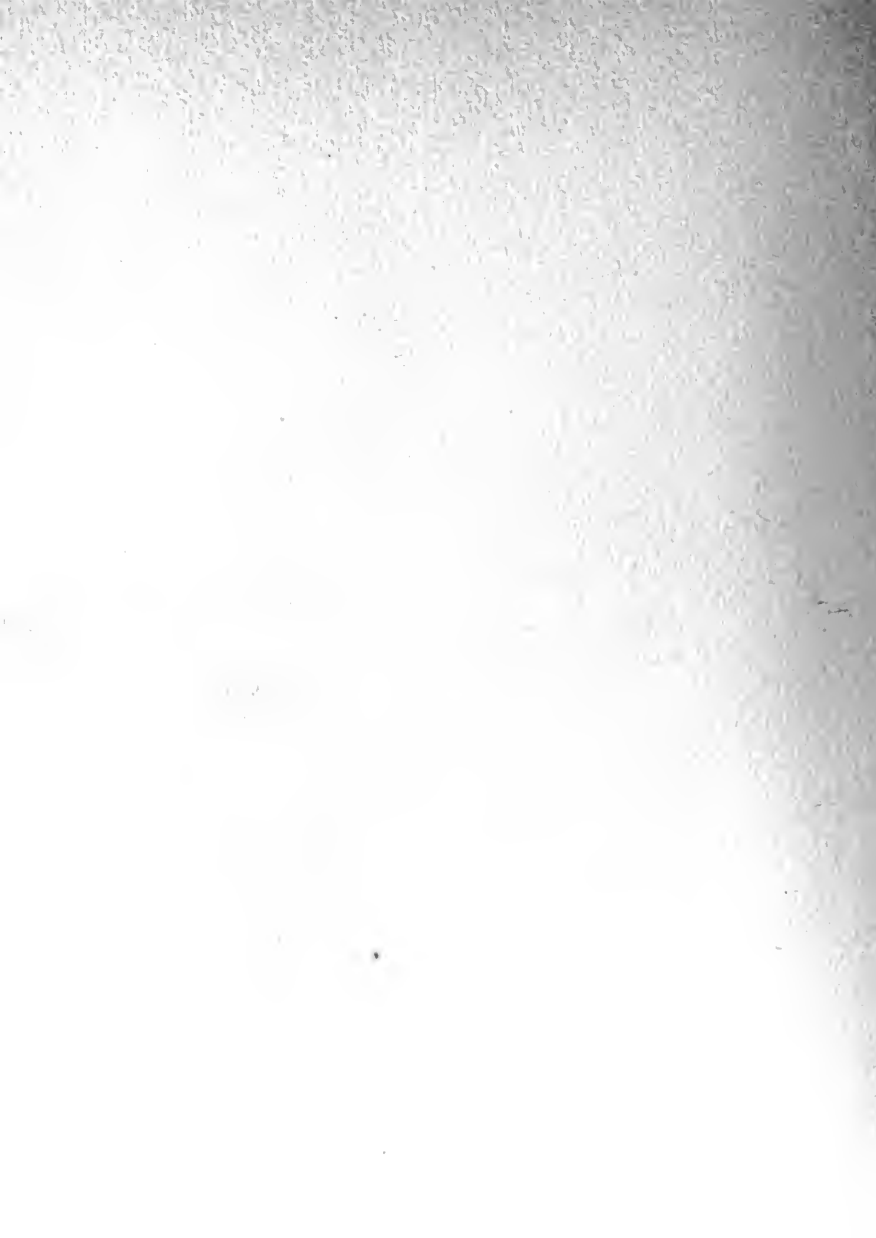
### EPODE V.

Thus for his daughter fair the Libyan sire  
Fit spousal found. Her envied place  
Fast by the goal, in rich attire,  
He fixt, to close and crown the race.  
"To him whose passing speed," he said,  
"Her veil first gains, the prize be due."  
Foremost Alexidamus flew,  
And by her yielded hand in triumph led  
Through troops of Nomads his accom-  
plisht spouse :  
They from their steeds with transport  
new  
Fresh leaves and flowers upon him threw,  
While plumes of conquest past hung  
graceful round his brows.











13397

R

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 674 425 4

